THE BRAINERD DISPATCH.

Published Every Friday at
Brainerd, - - - Minn.

INGERSOLL & WIELAND,
Editors and Proprietors.

OFFICE—Rooms 7 and 9 Sleeper Block.

TERMS:
$1.50, invariably in advance. Advertising rates made known on application.

BRAINERD DISPATCH.

VOLUME IV BRAINERD, MINNESOTA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 2, 1885. NUMBER 3.

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THE PITH OF THE NEWS.

Washington News.

Postoffices Established—Dakota, Rugh, Nelson county. Postmasters Commissioned—C. H. Rugh, Rugh, Dak.

Internal revenue collections for the first five months of the fiscal year amount to $47,322,190, as against $51,217,926 for the same period last year.

Arrangements are being completed at the naval observatory to extend the system of dropping time-balls to Boston, Baltimore and Hampton Roads, and ultimately to New Orleans. This will be done automatically by telegraphic connections with the observatory.

Members of the senate committee on public land express the opinion that the house bill to prohibit the fencing of public lands will be reported back favorably to the senate with amendments soon after the reconvention of congress. The house bill makes it lawful for any citizen or settler to remove such fences at will.

Nothing will be done with reference to the selection of the ladies who are to assist the president New Year's day, until Mrs. McElory's wishes are consulted. She will probably finish her list soon, and the indications are that last New Year's day, when her assistants were forty in all, will be eclipsed.

The inauguration committee decided to send an invitation to Gen. Hancock to act as grand marshal of the inauguration parade. Col. Berrett, chairman of the committee, informed the committee that he had an interview with Gen. Sheridan in which the latter stated that if Gen. Hancock should accept the invitation, he would be given every opportunity to attend the duties of the office.

The arrangements for the dedication of the Washington monument are progressing rapidly. The commission appointed by congress to arrange suitable ceremonies has extended a general invitation to military, masonic and civil organizations (the latter not to carry emblems of a political character) to participate. Gen. Sheridan requests that all organizations intending to take part in the procession notify him at the earliest moment, in order that proper places in the column may be assigned them.

A Republican reporter saw several prominent gentlemen of Washington Sunday with reference to news received from New York that all of Gen. Grant's personal property, including his swords and medals, presents received by him while abroad, his pictures, his two farms and his houses and lots in this city and St. Louis, have been inventoried and are to be sold to meet the judgment held against him by William H. Vanderbilt. Among the gentlemen interviewed were W. W. Corcoran, Gen. Beale and Gen. Van Vliet, all of them old friends of Gen. Grant. Gen. Beale said he had not heard any details of this story. He was very much shocked when he read it and said he thought there was some mistake about it, and finally that he did not believe it. He said Gen Grant's St. Louis farm was sold three months ago for $59,000, its estimated value being $65,000, and that his farm in Illinois is virtually sold and will bring its full value, $25,000. He said he received a letter from Gen. Grant recently in which the latter said he was in very poor health, and a few days ago he received one from Fred Grant, in which he stated that his father was confined to his room, and his condition was such as to alarm his family. Gen. Beale added: "It is my belief this illness, which I could not account for is caused by his anxiety."

Railroad and River News.

The Illinois railroads are flocking to Springfield, to protest against a reduction of rates by the state board.

The Oregon snow blockade continues, but the Northern Pacific people are at work on it, and hope to break it in a day or two.

Record of Casualties.

Pulman's warehouse in Tulare, Dak., with 4,000 bushels of wheat, was burned.

A man named Wood, living west of Greene, Iowa, while driving home from Rockford recently, was frozen to death.

James Balfour dropped dead while attending service in the Methodist church at Meadow Lea, Man., on Christmas day. It is supposed that the cause was heart disease.

Joseph Youlton, aged twenty-three years, was killed by falling 175 feet down the shaft of the Rock Island mine at Lexington, Mont. He leaves a wife and child in Conrwall.

The large furniture manufactory of Anthony Waterman, in Medford street, Charlestown district, Boston, was burned. The loss will probably not be less than $60,000. This is the third large furniture factory is Boston burned within a week.

At Kansas City, the North, Orrison & Co's. furniture store was destroyed by fire and an adjoining building, occupied by Wolf Brothers dealers in General furnishing goods, was badly scorched and damaged by water. The total loss will exceed $100,000.

At West Bend, Wis., fire destroyed Wittig & Kearn's livery stable and the large hotel barn of Charles Wolf, adjoining, involving a loss of about $8,000, insured for about half. All the horses were saved, but the carriages, cutters, harnesses, etc., were nearly all lost.

The house of Hon. W. H. Norris of Ozark county, Mo., was burned, and Norris perished in the flames. His family had all escaped from the house, when Norris re-entered to save an old family relic but was cut off by the flames and fell, suffocated by smoke, and was burned before his wife and children.

The Criminal Calendar.

A trio of firebugs, who have been infesting Trempealeau county, Wis., have been bagged.

Henry Austin, aged thirty-two years, son of George F. Austin, a well known and highly respected citizen of Milwaukee, suicided by shooting.

James M. Baillie, formerly book-keeper of the American National bank, Chicago, who absconded with $18,000 of the bank's money, was arrested in New Orleans.

Con. Connors, the deputy-sheriff-hose-thief from Helena, who has been confined with Charles White in the Dillon, Montana, jail, made his escape (on foot) recently.

At a Christmas eve jollity at Summerville, S. C., Mrs. Frances David, a prominent church woman and wife of the wealthiest man in the region, killed Mrs. Lizzie Way, the belle of the town, by stabbing her with a pair of scissors. Jealousy.

A special telegram from Purvis (Miss.) about the lynching of a merchant at that point who wrecked a train, says his name is Jordon Parker, and he stood well in the community. The statement that three tramps were hanged here is without truth.

Mrs. Williams, living near Dahlgren, Hamilton county, Illinois, while in a fit of mental despondency, threw one of her children, a little girl, into a well and attaching another, still younger, to her dress jumped in herself, and all three were drowned.

Family troubles, at St. Lawrence, Dak., caused a Mrs. Blood to take poison and kill herself. It is alleged that she was too intimate with a prominent man. Her husband made a racket, and she concluded to commit suicide. The body was sent to Marion, Ind., for burial.

La Crosse Special: Sheriff Elstad of Trempealeau county brought to this city and placed in jail three men that Trempealeau county, charged with incendiarism. They were Thomas McCauliy and Knute Oleson. They were taken before County Judge Mulligan, had a preliminary examination, and were bound over to the circuit court in the sum of $3,000 each.

Personal Points.

Civil Justice Alfred Steckler of New York distributed Christmas dinners to 1,000 families of that city.

Miss Constance A., daughter of Col. Jerome N. Bonaparte, has decided upon the life of a recluse and will shortly enter a convent.

Capt. Walter Pease, whose death occurred recently at Enfield, Conn., was one of the oldest men in the state, having passed his 100th birthday.

Dr. Mary Walker, high hat, breeches and all, swept down the executive chamber at Albany recently. Everybody fled, Gov. Cleveland heading the stampede.

Cornelius Aultman of Canton, Ohio, a well-known manufacturer of agricultural implements, died on Christmas evening, after entertaining a large party of friends.

Ellen Terry burst into tears when presented with a silver tea-set by the Irving company at Pittsburg recently. For some Miss-Terry-ous reason this lady weeps with fluency and frequency.

Dr. George H. Atkinson, one of the leading physicians of Brooklyn, is lying at the point of death. The disease from which he is suffering, with not the slighest hope of recovery, is blood poisoning, contracted while attending a private patient in August last.

John Baldwin, founder of Baldwin university at Berea, Ohio, died Sunday aged ninety-five years. When ninety years of age Mr. Baldwin went to Louisiana, purchased a plantation, established a college for colored people and built up the town of Baldwin, where he died.

Austin, (Tex.) Special:—Judge Brewster, who died recently, according to a promise he exacted from his daughter, will be buried a sea. Gov. Ireland has placed the quarantine vessel, Galveston, at the disposal of the friends of the deceased, many of whom accompanied the funeral party.

Last Sunday, Henry Ward Beecher gave his congregation a plain talk regarding his course in the campaign. He may have made some mistakes, but does not regret his general course. He desires no misunderstanding with his people, and cares not for diminished pew rents.

Miscellaneous News Notes.

P. & M. Newburger of Chicago have failed Liabilities $20,000.

Beatrice, Nev., has a negro woman who is turning white in spots.

Jose Gomez, an attache of the Brazilian legation at Washington, has married Miss Louise Hatcher of Lafayette, Ind.

B. K. Bliss & Sons, New York dealers in seeds and agricultural implements, have made an assignment. Preferences, $37,000.

A Cambridge (Mass.) jury decides that Mrs. Valeria Stone was of sound mind, but disagree as to whether she was unduly influenced by Rev. Willcox.

It is stated that Sandager Bros. of Grafton, Dak., have effected arrangements with their Chicago creditors, securing an extension on their accounts.

John Hoberg of Ledyard, Wis., has made an assignment for the benefit of his creditors to D. J. Brothers of Kaukauna. His liabilities are $13,000, and nominal liabilities $15,000.

Bear Ridge, Nos. 1 and 2 and station collieries near Mahoney Plain, and the Indian Ridge and Plank Ridge collieries near Pittsburg have shut down indefinitely, throwing out of employment over 2,000 men and boys.

Judge Couch sentenced the eight saloonkeepers in Waterloo, Iowa, who are indicted for keeping a nuisance, $75 each and costs. The sentences on the five in Cedar Falls, indicted at the same time, were suspended till the April term.

T. C. Lauder, W. W. Bradley and R. Jeanson were arrested for alleged ballot-box stuffing on election day at Wilmor, Dak. They waived examination and were each held in $1,000 bonds to appear for trial at the next term of the district court.

The New York World proposes to ask Richelieu Robinson to frame a bid imposing an ad valorem tariff on titles according to the following schedule; Princes $5,000; earls, $3,000; dukes, $2,500; counts, $500; barons, $250; marquises, $100.

Gov. Sherman of Iowa seems to be halting between two opinions concerning the proposed extra session of the legislature. There are those who are urging the call, in the pretended interest of the farmer, to reduce railway freights, and there are those who oppose it, fearing the movement is not one to reduce freights but to effect a repeal of the prohibitory law.

The recent death of Capt. L. H. Sanger, of the Seventh infantry at Amboy, Ill., will cause the promotion of Lieut. William P. Rogers, the regimental adjutant, to be captain of Company G, and Second Lieut. E. Howe to a first lieutenancy. A vacancy is thus created in the regimental staff, which will be filled by selection of one of the lieutenants of the regiment.

During last week the following failures and assignments were reported at Bradstreet's St. Paul office: Dare & Kennedy, Dawson, Dak.; Sandager Bros., Grafton, Dak.; J. M. Knepper & Son, Huron, Dak.; R. Zimmerman, Alexandria, Minn., general merchandise; J. H. McCallin, hotel, Minto, Dak.; Ames & Melones, J. E. O'Garden, Sacred Heart, Minn.; D. E. Patvold, Clear Lake, Wis., grocers; Walker, Judd & Veazie, lumber and logs, Marine Mills, Minn.; T. Morris & Bro., jewelers, Crookston, Minn.; C. J. Weaverson, tailor, St. Paul.

Hundreds of workmen are still busily engaged in the work of preparing the Great Eastern for sea, but the date of her departure and the completion of necessary repairs is still in doubt. The question of her seaworthiness, notwithstanding the exertions being made to remove defects caused by neglect consequent upon her long idleness, is being agitated, and she will not be allowed to sail for New Orleans until a thorough inspection of all her apartments has been made by officials of the board of trade.

Nuggets of Foreign News.

There is reported to be great grief in France over the reported resignation of Minister Morton.

Reports of ship-building in Great Britain for 1884 show the enormous falling of nearly 500,000 tons.

The French senate has adopted a clause of the budget establishing the principle of taxation of religious bodies.

The stage name of Sir Spencer Ponsonby-Fane, one of the most distinguished amateur actors in London, is "Mr. S. Whitehead."

The British annexation of St. Lucia Bay will probably increase colonial differences. The German explorer Finwald, now in Zu Zuland writes that he acquired a treaty right in Lucia Bay with 10,000 acres from the king of Zu Zuland.

Victor Schoelcher, of the French senate, corseted to wasp-like tenuity and wearing the pegtop trousers and high collar of the period of 1830—a representative dude of the last generation—is described as resembling a living and moving problem of Euclid.

At the last council of ministers Bismarck raised the question of the dissolution of the reichstag. The council considered the present moment inopportune and decided to wait further hostile manifestations before throwing the country into a fresh election fever.

The story is told that the emeralds which adorned the crown of the Empress Eugenie were false. The crown was among the jewels at the government sale in Paris. The bogus emeralds were purchased by an English nobleman for £40,000, and the money paid the ex-empress for her claims to the emeralds as personal property. The money, however, was returned when it was found that the emeralds were only imitations. Figaro asserts that the empress was aware of the deception.

Monday was Gladstone's seventy-fifth birthday. The occasion was celebrated with great festivity at Hawarden. Birthday greetings reached the great leader from all parts of the country. The prince of Wales sent his cordial congratulations. Many liberal bodies took advantage of the day to present the "grand old man" with addresses expressive of continued confidence and profound admiration. The newspapers, without distinction of party, devote leading articles to the eulogy of the great statesman.

Entente cordiale has been arranged, between France and Germany for the neutralization of the territory of the African International association. Bismarck has undertaken to present a declaration to the Congo conference favoring an international protectorate over the association's territory. Jurisconsultis Kusserolf and Engelhard have been instructed to draw up the declaration, and also prepare a statement that the principles governing civilized states must be observed in future annexations in the Congo region without being settled by governmental authority.

Official reports show that 266 persons were killed in the provinces of Malaga and Granada by the recent earthquake. The population of Granada is still encamped in the squares, the richer classes lodging in carriages along the promenade. The facade of the cathedral was seriously damaged. Many houses were destroyed in Ximena, and a whole family was killed in the village of Cajar by a falling chimney. Over half the inhabitants of Albanuchs were killed. Albama is mostly in ruins. The province of Malaga suffered equally as much damage as Granada. Commerce is paralyzed. Two hundred houses at Alfarnejo were damaged. The panic is subsiding. The shock was not felt in the northern and northwest provinces. The government has granted $5,000 from the national calamity fund for the relief of the sufferers in the province of Granada.

Marquis Tseng has warned Granville that the sale to France of Several vessels of the Castle and Monarch lines, now trading between England and the Cape of Good Hope, for the purpose of transporting French troops to China is a breach of neutrality. The English government advised the owners of the vessels that no invasion of the foreign enlistment act would be permitted. A semi-official denial of purchase by the French government is not believed. Cadiot, brother-in-law of M. Rouvier, minister of commerce, had charge of the negotiations for the purchase of the vessels. The Intransigeant charges that the transaction was a piece of official robbery. It is reported Ferry has recalled Patenotre, French minister to China, and that the French consul at Tien Tsin has been ordered to Shanghai. The latter's departure from Tien Tsin severs French relations with China.

A DISCOVERY.

A figure tall and slender,
A pair of trousers tight,
A jacket short and close-fitting,
A necktie very bright—
A mustache curled and waxed,
A collar three inches high,
A pair of gaiters painted,
A "glarse" on the left eye.

Its hair parted in the middle,
Curled and banged with taste,
A cane it always carries
And on the mash is based;
It wears tan-colored kid gloves,
And sports a diamond stud,
And from its button-hole projecting
Is a flower or rose-bud.

It drinks Apollinaris,
Is fond of ice-cream, too.
Likes skating, dancing, riding,
The billiard ball and cue—
At lakesides or at dances,
At theaters or the skating rink,
You'll find surely looming up
The long-lost "missing link."
—New Orleans States.

ONLY TWO BEECHNUTS.

A Revolutionary Love Story.

An old brown farm house has stood for years on the highway between Ridgefield and South Salem, in Connecticut. It was so near the New York and Connecticut boundary line that a stone could be thrown twenty yards or more from the door steps into either State. I has sheltered generation after generation of the same family for more than a hundred years. A few days ago it became necessary to tear down this old bilding, and in removing the discarded furniture, that had grown shaky with years of solitude in the musty garret, a small chest was found. Nothing was in it but a package no larger than a spool. On opening the tattered, faded paper covering, two beechnuts were disclosed, exactly alike, perfectly preserved, and whose shells were as hard as glass. An examination of the crumbling inclosure revealed some writing that was scarcely legible. The almost vanished sentence was deciphered as follows:

These are the beechnuts that Phillip and Martha exchanged Oct. 19, 1778.

The little nuts that had lain for a hundred years untouched are now to be carefully preserved, especially as associated with them is a family tradition. The history which the discovery of these beechnuts has revived is as follows: A huge boulder frowns upon the old Salem turnpike, perhaps a mile from the New York state line. It conceals the highway toward the west by reason of the sharp turn that it makes around it. Leaning against this boulder one mild afternoon in October, 1778, was a young man. His eyes were resting on the vista of buff, brown and scarlet foliage that stretched far away, and through which patches of blue water of the lake beyond could be seen.

"Beautiful," he said. "Ah, if I only—if I had not this business in hand; and their outposts are just beyond."

Even as he spoke he started, listened, and an instant so changed his manner that he seemed a tired and listless soldier, with no care for the landscape that had charmed him.

As the footsteps that had caused the change of manner approached, and seemed about to round the boulder, he still kept his eyes half closed with the expression of weariness, nor did he lift them until the steps stopped in front of him. Then looking up he saw a child, a girl of ten or twelve years may be. The little one spoke.

"Where is your musket?" she asked.

"Are you then so used to seeing soldiers with guns, my maid, that you wonder I haven't any?"

"Not always, but now. Why, my father and my brother John have gone away with their muskets, and so has everyone."

"Mayhap they have gone shooting the game?"

"Oh, no; for they put on their three-cornered hats, like yours, and I did hear my brother say surely there'd be a battle to-morrow."

The young soldier no longer assumed the look of wearied indifference. His manner, however, did not suggest to the child that he burned within.

"My little maid," he said, "I have something better than a flint-lock. I will show it to you."

From the inner folds of his homespun coat he drew forth a small portfolio, and then, sitting on a shelf of the rock, opened the case, placed it upon his knee and then sharpened a crayon.

"Your little face, my maid, is set so charmingly by the bright leaves on the bank, back of you, that if you will let me I will sketch it, and you may have the portrait."

The child's eyes sparkled, but she said: "You were tired and almost asleep as I came."

A slight, quick smile, though tempered with sadness, flitted over the young man's face, and he said: "Yes, but you have awakened me. Now stand as still as you can."

With quick, vigorous strokes the young man plied his crayon, now and then glancing up at the child's face. Both were silent some moments. At length he said: "And so your brother does predict a battle to-morrow?"

"Yes. He did say so, and did ask sister Martha to make cartridges for him.

"And now he has gone—there, there, my maid," for he saw her chin quiver. "He will come back. Mayhap there'll be no battle."

They were silent a few moments longer; then he said: "Which way did your father and brother go, my child?"

"By the turnpike to the White Plains."

"Oh, ho! oh, yes, of course, to the White Plains. There," holding up the portrait, "there, I have foreshortened the nose a little too much. When I have fixed that it will be done." Then with a few rapid strokes he finished the sketch, and gave it to the child.

"It's my face! it's my face!" cried the child.

"Now, what is your name, that I may write it beneath the portrait?"

She told him and he wrote:

Ruth Philips, by Philip.

"There," he said, "my first name is the same as your last one. That is nice, isn't it?"

As she stood gazing at the portrait the young soldier quickly took a small map from his portfolio and traced with his finger a highway until it stopped at a point marked White Plains. Then he studied it a moment, and was about to turn away when the clatter of horses hoofs startled him. The rider, by the sound, was pressing his steed to his best mettle. Almost abruptly the young soldier seized the child and led her to the seat on the rock. Then with such fluency as caused her to raise her eyes in some surprise, he spoke of the picture, and was thus engaged, as he intended to be, when the horseman dashed by. The horse was checked as suddenly as though shot dead, and the young man thoreupon lifted his tall figure that had been bending over the child, turned slowly, and when he looked up the weary careworn expression was again on his face. It was changed, however, to a look of surprise that was not counterfeited as his eyes fell on a young woman. Though the soldier steadfastly received the look that the girl gave him from eyes rounded with astonishment as they were luminous and searching, yet he did not fail to note the exquisite picture that she made. The high and jauntily poised riding hat that the burning leaves of a maple almost touched as with a fiery plume; the thick coil of hair, the complexion that was brighter than that of a leaf that almost rested on the cheek; the figure, seated as though horse and rider were moulded together; the coal-black animal gently pawing on the earth, all backed by the brilliancy of the forest—this picture gladdened his artistic eye. Yes his active mind was busy with queries as to her identity. But the little girl solved the question. She said: "Oh, Patty, see the picture of me the man did draw."

The older sister put out her unoccupied hand and received the portrait, not yet taking her eyes from the soldier. At last she glanced at the portrait, then scrutinized it more closely, till it seemed to the young man that many minutes had passed. At length she turned to him, and said, "You did this!"

The soldier bowed, and the young woman made mental note of the grace with which this coumon soldier made courtesy.

"What for?" she asked, though her tones were not so abrupt as the words.

"The little maid pleased me."

"It is almost perfect."

"I am as well aware as you that it is not so."

"Who are you?"

He smiled slightly, for he could not help it, at the imperious manner of the girl, but he said, quietly, "A Continental soldier."

"You were ill, mayhap, and fell behind?"

The soldier bowed.

"Don't you know you are on dangerous ground? You are within the British lines."

"I hope soon to be safe."

The young woman gathered up her reins, saying as she did so: "Ruth, you should not stray so far away from home. Come with me." Then she seemed to hesitate, and at length said to the young soldier, who had not stirred: "How long time needed you to draw this?"

"But a few minutes."

"They are precious. "Dare you draw mine?"

"It would be a pleasure."

"Will you?"

"Remain, then, as you are." Again drawing forth his portfolio, and fixing one long, searching glance at the girl, he began his work As he went on she had both desire and opportunity to observe him. She saw that he was tall, sinewy, young, and, as he looked up with the inquiring glance of the artist, it was impressed upon her that he was handsome and strong beyond all men she had ever seen. She saw the quick, sometimes strong, sometimes delicate strokes of the crayon, and saw grace in both. He ventured not a word. At length the girl said: "Who is your commander?"

He seemed not to hear, and she asked again. Without pausing in his work he said, "Col. Tyler, of the Seventh Connecticut."

"You are from below?"

"I was."

"That is what I mean. You were a portrait sketcher?"

"Yes, in New York before the war."

Suddenly she said: "Do you know you may be killed to-morrow?"

"Perhaps."

"I mean that a great battle is expected."

The young man made a most vigorous stroke but without looking up said quietly: "You are better informed than I. I shall reach my command to-night."

"I have been doing my part," she said. "I myself rode to Danbury this morning, bearing the commission to the commanding officer that the British troops were gathering at the White Plains, and that he and his command must march at once and concentrate at Bedford before daylight. I tell you," she added, because, by taking the short cut you might fall in the sooner with the army."

Here the young man snapped a crayon, and while sharpening it said: "Thank you for the suggestion. It must be ten miles to Danbury?"

"Yes."

"You must have pushed your horse?"

"Indeed I did."

When next he looked up the portrait was done. He gave it to her with a graceful bow, and the manner of indifference, but she saw that his face was as white as the paper itself. For some moments she studied the picture. Then she said: "It is a marvel. It must be my very truthful portrait. I thank you, sir," and she extended her hand.

As he took it she said: "I wish I had something that I might give you in return for this. I fear now that I was far too presumptuous to ask you to do this."

"You honored me, and have repaid me."

"We may meet again, sir, when I can better repay you."

He said, "We may; who knows?" Then as his eyes fell on the ground he spied a number of beechnuts that had fallen from the tree overhead. He picked up two of them.

"See," he said, "these nuts are exactly alike. You said we might meet again. I will give you this one and will keep the other. If we meet again we will put them side by side as they are now. You can repay me by doing this. It is only a token of value."

She looked at him curiously for a moment and then said, "Why, that is a playful thing to do, but if you wish it I will," and she thrust the beechnut under her glove. When she looked back after she had gone down the road apiece he still stood there with head uncovered as when she quitted him. Had she looked later she would have seen the young soldier rushing with mighty strides in a direction opposite to what he had all day been taking, and if she had she would have thought she would have known that he was thanking God he had met her.

One evening in midwinter, more that a year later, there were gathered about the open fireplace in the living room of the Phillips mansion the young woman Martha, her little sister Ruth and an elderly woman, who was plainly the mother. A tap at the door did not fail to cause all three to start a little. Troublous times again had come on this part of the country. Rumors of an advance prevailed. Father and brother had again set out with the contingent troops to repel a threatened invasion. However, Mistress Martha did not hesitate to open the door. So far, at least, their home had been respected by both armies. There stood on the steps a tall man, whose great coat was slightly sprinkled with the snow that was beginning to fall. He did not offer to enter until bidden; but he said, with great courtesy, that he was a belated traveler, compelled to ask for shelter and food, if so be the inmates felt safe in extending such hospitalities.

"Bid the gentleman in, Martha," said the mother, and when he had, with exquisite grace, bowed and thanked her, he asserted that nothing, but the direct necessity would have compelled him to intrude himself.

"These are, indeed, sad times, sir," said the mother. "Twice before my husband and son have been called away to defend the country. I know not where they may be to-night, but the good Lord will protect them and us."

"Is there, then, disturbance in these parts?" asked the stranger.

"Have you not heard and seen, sir, and you a traveler?"

"I had supposed the operations were to the west, else I might not have ventured on my journey."

The old lady glanced quickly at him for a moment, as though wishing to scan so strange a person as this who did not know what was going on about him, but neither by hint of word or action did she betray any surprise.

The stranger was young and neatly dressed in a heavy, close fitting surtout which reached to his top boots. His hair, which was long, fell in curly locks almost to his shoulders, and it was of a yellow tinge, almost approaching whiteness. The old lady at once perceived that whoever her guest was he was a gentleman, and as he addressed himself entirely to her she found herself interested in him. Though she frequently referred to the topic that was uppermost in her mind, he seemed to care little about the war. The old lady decided that he must be a merchant from below who ventured thus far toward the British outposts—which then included the Phillips homestead—for purposes of business. Meanwhile Martha had herself prepared a repast, of which she at length invited the stranger to partake. Then for the first time he took note of the girl.

"We have simple fare now," she said.

"The simplest fare has always been my choice and habit," he said, and then added: "This must be a lonely life for you, although perhaps an exciting one."

"Not lonely when father and brother are here and when there is no war."

"Your father and brother are in the field?"

"Yes, sir."

"It is a pitiable lot for you indeed!"

"No, sir; no indeed! We are glad we have a father and brother to fight for our country."

The stranger looked at her for a moment with such admiration as could give no offense. Then he said: "That is indeed true patriotism."

She was silent for so long a time that he stopped for a moment as he ate and said: "Is there then no fighting near by?"

"Father did say to us as he went away: 'There will be no general battle, but we are going with the contingent and regulars to cut off the approach of the British.' They do expect to march night or to-morrow to have battle, as such forts or defenses as will head off the British, and as it is but twelve miles away where they do so at the Carmel Cross Roads, maybe father and brother will be home Saturday."

Here the stranger seemed much occupied with his meal, nor did he pause in the eating of it until, seemingly conscious that some one was gazing fixedly at him, he looked up and encountered the steady eye of little Ruth. He smiled pleasantly and said: "How, then, little maid, do you, too, miss your father?"

"You do make me think of my picture man," the child said.

"Have you a picture man?"

"The man who drew my picture. Shall I show it to you?"

"Yes, indeed."

The child brought not only her own but the crayon sketch of her sister.

"They are well done; well done little maid, but you have grown older since this was made."

"Yes, more than a year."

"A year, indeed," said he half meditatively.

"My sister Patty looks every day at hers, and sometimes I do hear her say, 'I wonder if I shall ever see him again.'"

"Hush, Ruth, the gentleman cares for nothing of that sort," said Martha.

"But I am interested."

As they sat by the fire later chatting, and while Martha was meditating upon which of the two spare rooms to put the stranger into for the night, there was heard without a sound that rose above the moaning of the wind.

"What is that?" asked Martha.

The stranger hastened to the window, and even as he did so the sound grew louder and more significant. It was the yell of maddened men, and now as the curtains were tossed aside, they saw a yellow light through and between the thick falling snowflakes. The light grew brighter and brighter.

"It is the army," said Martha.

"Which one?" asked the mother.

"The British, I think. Look, they are burning Neighbor Keeler's house. They will come here. They have threatened before. They will burn the house and they may kill us. See there, over the hill; they are coming. There they have set fire to the hay rick. Mother, be calm. They shall not hurt you. I will not let them," and the girl turned with flashing eyes and flushed cheeks and seemed to be going to seek for a weapon. But she was stayed. The stranger, whom they had forgotten, had gently restrained her. She looked at him inquiringly, and he said: "They will do you no harm."

The madmen rushed on down the hill, and there were two big fellows at the front. They wore the uniform of the British army. They were indeed, on a tour of devastation and ruin. Just as they reached the stone fence that inclosed the yard before the house, and were about to surmount it, the stranger went out and stood with the snow whitening his bare head. He lifted his arm and the two big men stopped, as did those behind them, and after the stranger had said a word or two to them they turned and went their way. When he returned to the house his manner was as calm as it had been an hour before. To their thanks he simply replied: "You deserve protection. You have earned it."

Then he bade them farewell, though they expressed much astonishment thereat and pleaded with him to stay. "I must hasten on my journey," he said. "Before I go, however, I would ask if Mistress Martha can produce the counterpart of this!" and thrusting his hand into his bosom, he drew forth a beechnut.

"I know it, I did know it," said little Ruth; but Martha made no response, only turned for a moment so that her face and bosom were turned from him, and when she again faced him she too held in her hand a beechnut.

"I am very glad," he said, "when we meet again you may not know me except by this same token."

He said this somewhat sadly, and before another word was said, departed. A moment later he mounted a horse that had been held in waiting for him in the highway, and galloped forth into the snow and darkness.

When the buds were bursting into blossoms some five months later, and when Martha was reaching her dimpled arms up among the lilac flowers, one day, she turned suddenly and there behind her stood a tall young man in the uniform of an American officer. His hair was black, his face pale and unshaven and he was plainly laboring with excitement or trouble. He said nothing until she had first spoken.

"You have come again," she said, with a tone half tremulous, half cold.

"This time a suppliant. I see you know me now. I am my natural self but for these clothes. Protect me, mistress, I beseech you!"

"Protect you!"

"Yes, for unless you do in an hour I shall be captured. I can escape no further."

"Why should I? You saved us that night; you—you—no, I will not. You betrayed my girlish, foolish confidence twice, and may thereby have cost us our country's cause. From my words the day you drew my picture you learned enough to enable your army to defeat us at White Plains. From my foolish speech the night you rescued us you gathered enough to foil the plans of our people, and caused thereby my brother to be brought home dead. I trusted you then for what you assumed to be. They have told me whom I did then harbor."

"Then you know my name?"

"Yes."

"Well, tell me."

She leaned forward and her face was as white as her neck as she whispered.

"Yes," he said, "I am he."

"Then you must go your way."

"You forget. I only did my duty and I never asked you for the words you spoke."

"And I must do my duty now."

"My pursuers will be after me in a moment."

"Do not ask me to do this. I cannot."

He turned and saw the cavalry coming over the hill, and then he turned again and looked at her with unspeakable sadness. She saw the horsemen, too, and knew that he had given up hope. He tore open his vest and drew some papers therefrom that he rapidly destroyed, reserving one, he held to her and said in the saddest tones she had ever heard:

"To-morrow will you read this?"

She would neither take it nor speak; but the paper was taken from his hand by little Ruth who had come there unobserved.

"I will, Mr. Picture Man."

"Thank you, and bless you, my child. You keep it, and give it to your sister by noon of to-morrow."

The cavalry had now spied him and were mounting their horses to their best. He held his hand out to Martha. In it was the beechnut. Without taking her eyes from his, she thrust her hand into her bosom, and when she with drew it there was within it the other beechnut. When the soldiers a moment later seized him, he bade Martha farewell and kissed little Ruth. Then he took Martha's limp hand and placed therein the beechnut. Then they led him away.

At evening two soldiers delivered to Martha a crayon likeness of herself that they said their commander had instructed them to bring. They said that it had been taken from the man who was captured there that morning. It had been drawn from memory according to the note at the bottom.

"Where is he now?" she asked.

The soldiers seemed confused. At last one pointed to the ground, and then they both rode rapidly away.

"Dead," she said. "I did not think it meant that. I let them kill him," and an hour later they found her there under the lilac tree. When a year later, just after they returned from the Dutchy of Hanover, where they had laid Martha's body, they found among her other treasures the two beechnuts wrapped together. They put them away in the old chest.

French Newspapers.

From Every Other Saturday.

The French newspaper does not aim at greatness, or rather bigness of this kind. A journal there seems like a pleasant every morning chat which a paper has with its readers, endeavoring to give them in as pleasant and brief way as possible the really important news of the day, and at the same time to have a talk on whatever is happening in art, music and literature. The main articles, or what we should call editorials, are written by well known writers and critics who nominally belong to the staff, and are all signed, which makes it seem all the more familiar and personal. As to the overwhelming mass of worthless news which flood our papers, they have none of it. They do not, and they know their readers do not care to, know that Mme. Chose, away off in the little town of Pont Aven, Brittany, who was out riding the day before, fell from the carriage and sprained her ankle. Or that some Italian Briggitta, was lighting the fire that morning in Rome, used kerosene as usual, and set fire to the house as usual. It may be well enough to put such items in the provincial or village paper where the event happens, but what do the general public care about it?

I may be able to illustrate the difference I have spoken of more forcibly by simply describing some Paris newspaper as it appears daily. Take for example Le Figaro, which is one of the oldest. It is also one of the largest, being a four-page journal, the size of a page being a little larger than that of Harper's Weekly. On the front page first comes the editorial articles—usually there is only one. This is in the form of a regular article with heading, and deals in a somewhat lengthy manner with the interesting topic of the hour, whether it will be in politics, religion art or science. Then follows what are termed "Echoes of Paris," which are brief and pointed notes of what is going on socially in the city. The rest of the page is devoted to any articles about events which would interest the public, told in a familiar though brief manner. I said the rest of the page. I meant the upper part of the page, for the lower quarter is given up to one chapter per issue from some novel written by a well known author. This is called the feuilleton. In the lower quarter of the last column are placed in the abbreviated form in which they are received, the cablegrams. No great head-lines, nor are the dispatches padded out to double or treble their size, and yet one knows their contents fully as well.

The second page is devoted to reports from the Senate and Chamber, what contemporaries are saying, and political matter generally. The third page to items of Paris and French news generally, critiques on theatres and plays, and a second feuilleton. The fourth and last page, announcements for the day's pleasures and public meetings, a few advertisements—a very few and compact in form—and condensed stocks and monetary reports.

This in a brief manner describes the whole paper. Flaunting head lines are never used, and important articles may commence in the middle or lower part of the column, as well as at the top. One has everything, art, music, literature, news and politics, and well written, too. For a journalist is a recognized member of the literary coterie in Paris. Craving the pardon of American journalists, I would say that newspaper writing in France is a profession, here it is generally a trade.

There are one or two curious things connected with the French newspaper that are worth mentioning. The articles are generally signed in the author's handwriting—that is to say, by lithograph. The government still reserves the right to censure, and every man is responsible for what he writes. There is now much more freedom of the press than there was, but the custom remains. Besides this the whole paper is signed on the last page by the gerant or managing editor. And four or five copies are sent every morning, signed in ink, to the various government departments. The style throughout, whether in the articles or in the news notes, is very chatty and familiar. One always feels a strong personality in every part of the paper. Even the news columns have a distinct character and style about them.

Finally, all evening papers are dated for the following morning. The daily which has the largest circulation in France is the Paris Petit Journal, a very small 1-cent sheet.

SHE PLAYED CROQUET.

I thought she was a lovely sight,
As daintily arrayed in white,
With rosy cheeks and glances bright,
That summer day
She played croquet.

Until beneath a shady tree
I stopped to rest, which chanced to be
Where in the kitchen I could see
That summer day
She played croquet.

And there alone in that hot place
Her mother stood with careworn face,
And ironed a gown all frills and lace,
That summer day
She played croquet.

A gown, the very counterpart
Of that she wore with witching art;
And so she did not win my heart
That summer day
She played croquet.
—Harper's Bazar.

MY DRUMMER-BOY.

Well-nigh twenty years have passed since the sound of the last gun of the war of the Rebellion died away in silence. The enmities engendered by the bitter struggle are buried with the nation's dead. The blue and gray who fell lie peacefully side by side, and we, the blue and gray who live, have clasped hands together, and spoken loyal words of courtesy and friendship.

But the children of that dark hour have grown to be young men and women, and know little of war but its holiday pomp and glory; so I have brought this little sketch from memory's portfolio that they may catch a passing glimpse of its stern reality, and partly, too, that they may see how suffering heroism sometimes finds its home in young, brave hearts.

Early in the year 1863 the Union forces, in one of the regiments of which I was an officer, lay encamped near Wilmington, North Carolina. There had been an exchange of prisoners, and the sick from Andersonville had been carried by boat down the Cape Fear River to Wilmington.

Partly from sympathy, and partly, perhaps, from curiosity, I had come in from our camp, which was located a few miles out of the city, to visit the hospital. An old brick warehouse was utilized for this purpose. It was a long, low, narrow building and the sick men lay on the floor, with their heads to the wall, in two rows up and down the room. As I entered from the street and passed slowly along between them, the wan, haggard faces of the sick men seemed ghastly in the uncertain light. It was a forlorn and desolate sick-room, indeed, and I did not wonder that the poor fellows were discouraged and almost despairing.

As I moved on I was startled at seeing what seemed to be the face of a mere child among the sick men—a lad of not over thirteen years—propped up against the wall. A tattered old blanket covered him. His hair was long and neglected, his cheeks sunken and feverish, and his body emaciated almost beyond belief.

I can give no idea of the pitiable, skeleton-like thinness of the little fellow. On his arms was hardly any flesh. His knees pointed the worn blanket sharply as it covered them, and his diseased feet had

Brainerd Dispatch

Issued every Thursday morning at Brainerd, Minn. Terms $1.50 per year, in ADVANCE.

N. H. Ingersoll, F. W. Wieland, } Editors and Proprietors.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF CROW WING, CASS, ITASCA AND AITKEN COUNTIES, and the City of Brainerd

Entered at the Post Office at Brainerd, Minnesota, as second-class matter.

Minneapolis has just opened its eleventh roller rink.

There are 15,000 persons out of employment at St. Louis.

Some 350 persons were killed or injured by the railroads in Minnesota during the past year.

Along the Columbia river bottoms in Washington Territory the snow is five feet deep on the level.

The Long Prairie Argus is nine years old, and is a very healthy looking stripling. Bro. Sheets gets up a good paper.

The Navy yards were closed on Wednesday and all work suspended, on account of congress not appropriating any money for their support.

Chaska, Carver county, is "all tore up" over the stealing of the body of a young Swede from a newly made grave. Dr. Shillock has been arrested for the crime.

The Wadena brewery at Wadena, owned by Peter Wermerskirchen, was burned. The loss is $3000, with no insurance. The cause of the fire is not known. About 200 barrels of beer were saved.

It is asserted that girls starting from Hungary ostensibly for domestic services in America, have lately been shipped against their will to Turkish and Egyptian harems.

The Wells Fargo Express Company are required to give bonds in the sum of $25,600 to cover damages to the Northern Pacific in case the final decision of the suit should be against them.

The flouring mill firm of W. A. Newton & Co., at Sauk Rapids has suspended. Liabilities $13,000 with no assets to speak of. A good many farmers who had wheat checks are loosers.

The Minneapolis Tribune is fast becoming the leading paper of the Northwest, and if it will only drop the vein of humor that runs through its editorials its aim will be attained.

Montreal is said to be in danger of losing her ice palace by reason of a heavy thaw. If she will send it up this way there will be no danger of its destruction in that manner.

Two Mormon preachers passed through Long Prairie on Wednesday. They travel without money and eat and sleep where people are hospitable enough to keep them, and they find the people of that county very kind in this direction, though some have told them that they would not take them in to save them from freezing.

Beecher's church they say in Brooklyn, has gone to smash. He preached to a small congregation on Sunday. All the rich Republicans who paid fancy prices for their pews have drawn out. They have adopted Rev. Dr. Chadwick, and intend to boom him as they boomed Beecher.

The Minneapolis Tribune's issue for January 1, deserves mention. It was gotten up in first-class style, contained statistics of value, and was well patronized by the business men of the city, who seem to know a good thing when they see it.

Track laying on the Wisconsin division of the Northern Pacific was completed Sunday. The two ends met at 3 p. m. about ten miles from Ashland. This completes the main line of the Northern Pacific to Ashland, the eastern terminus. The Wisconsin division is sixty-four miles in length and extends from Superior to Ashland.

The St. Paul Day has suspended and turned over everything to the Dispatch of that city. Capt. Castle pats himself approvingly on the back and tells his friends that it is "a survival of the fittest"—which is about correct. "Bag" and Waterloo can now retire to some secluded village where their private affairs will not be molested.

The statement of the State Treasurer, Hon. Charles Kittleson, for the year 1884, shows that the receipts from all sources during the year, amounted to $3,666,149.16, and the disbursements to $2,729,354.12, leaving a balance in the treasury, January 1, 1885, after deducting the cover drafts on the revenue fund of $102,439,07, a net balance of $936,792.04.

The earth continues to quake in the provinces of Granada and Malaga, causing enormous destruction of life and property. It is estimated that during the past week no less than 2000 persons have been killed. The people have taken to the fields, and the towns are deserted. Subscriptions have been started for the relief of the sufferers. Taken altogether, the New Year's day does not promise to be very joyful in that part of the globe.

The demand for whisky has fallen off 6½ per cent during the past month, according to official report. It is not stated whether this is due to the hard times or the advent of the Democratic party into power, but it is supposed to be the latter.

The Cut-Off.

The line of the Little Falls cut-off was surveyed into Aldrich, last Friday, and connects with the present main line at the eastern end of the side track and the west end of the cut. The survering crew went to Motley, Saturday, and will go south from there to the route they came on, and retrace their steps to Little Falls. A person, who knows something about it, informs us that the present survey will be a permanent one.—Aldrich Journal.

Clipped from State Exchanges.

Stephen Desmoyres, a Frenchman, was killed by a falling tree that he was choping at Aitkin.

John Howard ot the firm of Seeley & Howard, loggers at Aitkin, left camp December 15th, and his body has just been found. he having lost his way and perished in the snow.

While Dr. Hall of Glencoe was attending the funeral of his wife, his horse, buggy and office furniture were seized by the sheriff to satisfy the demands of a creditor who held a mortgage of $330 upon them.

A young couple of this city marries when the clock strikes twelve on Wednesday midnight. They will become one as quickly as the minister can pronounce them man and wife. Starting out in life with the new year, they have the advantage of most of those who marry nowadays, some of whom marry to early and the rest of whom marry too late. The only trouble about it is that the young husband will find that Christmas presents and anniversary presents, to say nothing of birthday presents, may come to close together.—Minneapolis Tribune

We think the young man is exceedingly fortunate, in that he can combine the three presents and give it as a remembrance of each occasion.

Knocking Out the Sluggers.

Caledonia Argus: Senator O'Brien is preparing a bill, which he will introduce at the approaching session, intending to suppress prize fights. It makes the challenging, publishing the challenge, conveying it, or fighting, a misdemeanor. All sheriffs and constables are directed to enforce the law, and their failure is a misdemeanor. Attending a prize fight as a spectator is punished with fine. Going beyond the state line to fight is included in the offense. Only one suggestion can be made to this meritorious measure, and that is a section making it a misdemeanor for any newspaper to publish any report of a prize fight, with a good liberal fine following the offense.

An Outline.

A state exchange outlines the following work for the legislature at the coming session. There will be undoubtedly be business enough to occupy their time during the 60 day session:

Abolish the grand jury.

Tax the St. P. & S. C lands.

Regulate the grading of wheat.

Submit the prohibitory amendment.

Provide capital punishment for rapists.

Break up the Minneapolis wheat rings.

Prevent railroad pooling and discrimination.

Prohibit the manufacture and sale of oleomargarine.

Guard against a State prison ring raid upon the public treasury.

Prohibit the sale of Police Gazettes and other bawdy newspapers.

Deserves Death.

WHEELING, W. Va., Jan. 1.—A most dangerous outrage was perpetrated by some unknown villian, near Grafton, W. Va., last night, causing a wreck on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad, by which two men lost their lives and a number of others narrowly escaped. A bar of iron was wedged in the frog of a switch, in such a way that an engine passing over it would leave the track. It is thought the obstruction was laid with a view of wrecking the St. Louis express, due at Grafton from the east at 10:45 p. m. The train was an hour late, and when the engine struck the obstruction it was thrown from the rail and turned upside down on the opposite track, and the postal car thrown down the bank into the creek. Callin Hepburn, engineer, was instantly killed. His neck and one leg were broken and the other leg crushed. He leaves a family at Bloomington, Md. Thomas Dorsey, fireman, was caught beneath the engine, and, besides broken bones and bruises, was badly scalded, one side being literally cooked by the escaping steam. He lived several hours His home is at Keyser, and he leaves a wife and three children. No one else was injured. Postal Clerk McIntyre was burned but succeeded in extinguishing the lights in his car before it turned over, thus saving himself from possible injury by fire. The damage to the company's property will amount to several thousand dollars. There is no clue to the perpetrators of the crime. The train from Wheeling to Pittsburg, on the Baltimore & Ohio, struck a large boulder, near West Alexander, last night, and was derailed, and the engine and several cars demolished and traffic was delayed all day.

Bad on Conductors.

The local roads have adopted another system for issuing 1,000 mile tickets. It will go into effect Jan. 1. Heretofore and travling man could purchase one of these tickets upon proper identification With the connivance of conductors the railroad companies are swindled out of large sums of money. This was done by the traveler inclosing a one or a five-dollar bill in his book when presenting it to the conductor. That offical, instead of tearing out the requisite milage, would pocket the money inclosed and tear out one-fourth the number of coupons he should. Though the companies have all along known that such practices they have been in use, they have been unable to put an end to them. The new system is to issue a ceritificate direct to the house, which in turn gives it to the traveling man. The latter will present this certificate to the agent at each station from which he is to travel, and in return will receive a ticket divided into two parts, for which he is to pay full rates. The conductors will retain the portion of the ticket and the other will be returned to the house, which will receive a rebate from the company when 1,000 miles have been traveled.

ANCIENT MYTHOLOGY.

The Legend of the Cuckoo.

It is a common belief that the cuckoo is a transformed girl calling her brother. In Servia the cuckoo, *kukavitza*, was a girl who lamented her brother's death so long that she was turned into a cuckoo. This in itself is not very circumstantial, but Albania supplies a more complete story. There were once two brothers and a sister The latter accidentally killed one of them by getting up suddenly from her needle-work and piercing him to the heart with her scissors. She and the surviving brother mourned so much that they were turned into birds; he cries out to the lost brother by night *gion, gion*, and she by day, *ku ku, ku ku*, which means "Where are you?" The cuckoo, says the Bohemian legend, once had a crown on her head, till at a wedding among the birds, at which the hoopoe was bridegroom, she lent it and has never been able to get it back. He is always crying out *kuku*, which means "You rascal," to which the other replies, *jdu, jdu*, "I come, I come," but comes not. The Bohemians also take the cuckoo for an enchanted miller or baker. The latter is a more enchanting story, as being either of post-Christian origin, or else a pagan memory transferred, as so often happened, into a Christian dress. Christ, passing one day a baker's shop, sent one of His disciples in to ask for some new bread. The baker refused to give it, but his wife and six daughters, who were compassionate, delivered some secretly to the disciple. In reward they were placed among the stars, as the Pleiades; but the baker was turned into a cuckoo, and it confirms this story that his cry is heard as long as those seven stars are visible in the sky. In Poland long ago it was a capital crime to kill a cuckoo. The apparent reason was that Zywiec, who in old Slavonic mythology was the ruler of the universe, used to change himself (as Zeus once did and Indra too) into a cuckoo, in order to announce to mortals the number of years they had to live; a belief so real that multitudes used to flock every May to Zywiec's temple, on the mountain that was called after his name, to pray for long life and prosperous health. To this day it is a common article of folk-lore belief that so many years yet remain to a man of life as he hears the cuckoo's voice for the first time in the spring. And a monkish historian has handed down, for the edification of posterity, the story of the worldly-minded brother who, tired of the monotony of convent life, resolved to ask of the cuckoo the number of years yet allotted him to live. The bird having said twenty-two, the monk resolved to devote himself for a season to the pleasures of this world and yet have time before him to prepare for the next; but, alas! the bird was a heathenish and therefore a false oracle to listen to, and death surprised the recreant monk in the twentieth year, still absorbed in temporal enjoyments and vanities.—*The Cornhill Magazine.*

Lincoln, Seward and Stanton.

The contrast presented by these three distinguished men, as I talked, was a striking one. Lincoln's homely but expressive features seemed to lighten up as he listened to my description of some exciting scene. He appeared to see the awful vortex of death and flame as the Nineteenth corps moved into it to relieve the pressure on the Sixth. His lips parted and he straighted his tall form when I spoke of the rapidity of the artillery-fire and the flash of the bright sabres of the cavalry drawn in the sunshine. He was for a moment on the ground itself; and his mind ran ahead of my words, and saw with his own eyes the entire scene of operations. Seward was fully as much interested and carried away as his chief, though he manifested it in a totally different way. His shaggy eyebrows fell lower as he leaned forward, gazing at my diagrams, and he gave an audible sigh of relief or satisfaction when I came to a turning point in the tide of battle. Stanton stood up almost behind me; and he would ask a brief question now and then, which showed how well he grasped the situation. His voice was, however, calmed and collected, and his soft eyes glistened through his spectacles as he stroked his luxuriant black beard.—*George F. Williams in "Bullet and Shell."*

How a Judge Checked Perjury.

A Danish Colonial Magistrate, for whose exceptional character and ability we can vouch, once made a grimly comic experiment in this direction, and upon this principle: He was appalled by the endless perjuries committed in cases before him, determined to stop them, and did. He, of course, said nothing of his method, but an English friend seated beside him on the bench noticed that whenever a witness told a palpable lie he jumped. He asked the reason, and the magistrate, after a caution, revealed his secret. "My orderly stands behind the witness, and whenever I put my left hand to my ear that indicates that the evidence is false, and he runs a pin into him." It is a well-known fact to the many who will recognize this story that the "sting of conscience" in this material form proved effectual, and that the magistrate, who died honored throughout Denmark, in three years turned an Alsatia into one of the most orderly and law-abiding of communities. He could always get the truth.—

Feminine Small Talk.

DISCREET wives have sometimes neither eyes nor ears.

DR. ANNA WARREN, of Emporia, Kansas, makes $5,000 a year by the practice of medicine.

THE Yonkers *Statesman* discusses "Women as Wives." The idea seems feasible.—*Norristown Herald.*

MRS. MARY DURANT, of Elkhart, Ind., blind for twenty-five years, claims that her eye-sight was restored through prayer.

A DOUBTFUL statement is afloat in the papers to the effect that cigarette and cigar smoking among all classes of Boston women is becoming general.

THERE is a girl in Plymouth county, Mass., who had eighteen different lovers, and not one of them ever got his arm around her. She weighs 384 pounds.

THE daughter of the late Commodore Maury, who assisted him in the compilation of his well-known geographical series, is a school teacher in Richmond.

THE dislocated leg of a man at Lafayette, Ind., was treated by a woman physician as though it had been fractured. He demands $10,000 damages, the mistake having crippled him for life.

MRS. TELLER, the wife of the Secretary of the Interior, is tall and slender, with black hair and the blackest of black eyes, and is the possessor of an unusually gentle and attractive manner.

"THE most beautiful woman in Washington" is the wife of the Swedish Minister, Countess Lewenhaupt. She is a delicate and slender blonde, with fair complexion, golden hair and blue eyes

TWENTY-FIVE women physicians in Russia who took part in the military operations of 1877 have been decorated with royal honors. The number of female medical students in Russia is said to be rapidly increasing.

MRS. CHANDLER, the wife of the new Secretary of the Navy, is a delicate but handsome woman, with a fine and refined face lighted by large black eyes and framed in heavy black locks. Her carriage and her manner are full of dignity.

A WOMAN was committed for contempt of court by a New York Police Justice because of her refusal to take an oath or testify in a case of assault. "Judge," said she, "I never took an oath in my life, and I'm not going to take one now. These people can settle their difficulties without calling me in."

A WOMAN who does all her own housework, attends to seven children and turns her dresses half a dozen times to make both ends meet, may be a good Christian, but when a lady in a $1,000 carriage and a $500 dress halts at the door and asks her to subscribe to some charitable object she can hardly be expected to act and talk like one.

A Gigantic Concern.

William Whiteley's London shop is an extraordinary establishment. Less than twenty years ago Mr. Whiteley opened in what was then the extreme northwest of London a little shop with assistants. To-day he is a universal purveyor, employing 5,000 people and 300 horses. His buildings cover fourteen acres, and he has, besides, an immense farm for supplying milk, garden produce, etc. This remarkable Yorkshire man is the greatest purveyor in the world. He undertakes to provide everything that a human being can desir from earth, air and sea. He is a baker, butcher, milkman, tailor, furniture maker, jeweler, builder, druggist, cobbler, banker, blacksmith, dealer in cattle, horses and wild beasts, florist, house-agent, and draper to all mankind, and will supply a tiger and rose-bud with equal ease and promptness. His success has been largely due to his recognition of the fact that there was growing up around him a populous community, which, could he meet its wants, would be gladly saved the trouble of going further.

The Texas Panhandle.

The strip of land, usually denominated the "Texas Panhandle," was ceded to the United States by Texas about the time of the annexation. It does not belong, properly speaking, to the Indian Territory, although, not being attached to any organized local government, it is generally included in maps of this Territory. It is a comparatively sterile country, except along the few water courses; has an average temperature of about 54 deg.; and an annual rainfall of some twenty inches. It produces bunch grass, and large areas of it constitute good grazing grounds in the spring and fall months. It is almost uninhabited, except by herders, or "cowboys." The government has not surveyed and opened it for settlement, but several cattle ranges have been located and are claimed and used under "squatter law." The northern boundary of the "Texas Panhandle" lies about eighty-six miles south of Dodge City, Kansas.

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Office at Corner of 7th and Front Streets. Residence corner of 7th and Juniper Streets. Opposite Episcopal Church.
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Office hours 8 to 11 a. m. and 2 to 5 p. m. Telephone connection between office and residence.

M. McFADDEN,
Register of Deeds and Insurance Agent.
Represents none but first-class companies.
OFFICE--WITH REGISTER OF DEEDS AT COURT HOUSE,
BRAINERD, - - - MINN.

R. K. WHITELY,
CIVIL ENGINEER AND SURVEYOR,
Office, Room 2, Sleeper Block,
BRAINERD..... MINN.

R. Parker,
DEALER IN
CONFECTIONERY,
and Fancy Groceries
Tobaccos AND Cigars.
Everything Fresh. No old stock.
NO. 6. FRONT STREET, - EAST

Wisconsin Central Line!
The United States Fast Mail Route
RUNNING
5 Passenger Trains Each Way Daily
BETWEEN
Eau Claie and Chippewa Falls.
2 TRAINS Each Way Daily
TO AND FROM
Milwaukee!
VIA:
Stevens Point, Appleton, Neenah, Menasha, Oshkosh and Fond du Lac.
—WITH—
PARLOR CARS!
THROUGH TO MILWAUKEE.
This is the only line running a train
Through BY Daylight
And the only route
WITOUT CHANGE OF CARS.
New and Elegant Sleepers
ON NIGHT RUNS.
There are two Sleepers attached to each train at Stevens Point—one for Chicago and the other for Milwaukee.
1 A Daily Train To Lake Superior
Superior Facilities make this
The Best Route
—FOR—
Grand Rapids, Wausau, Merrill and and all points in Northern, Central and Eastern Wisconsin.
F. N. FINNEY, Gen. Manager. JAS. BARKER, Gen. Pass. Ag't
MILWAUKEE.

No. 9.
Saloon & Sample Room
SIXTH STREET,
Between Laurel & Front, west side.
The place to get FINE WINES, LIQUORS and CIGARS. Free Lunch each morning and evening. Don't fail to call and see me. I will use you well.
FRANK CURRIE, Prop.

Do You Know
THAT
LORILLARD'S CLIMAX
PLUG TOBACCO,
with Red Tin Tag; ROSE LEAF Fine cut chewing NAVY CLIPPINGS, and Black Brown and Yellow Snuffs are the best and cheapest, quality considered. Aug 1-y1.

GERMAN AMERICAN
MEAT MARKET,
Max Shapiro, Prop.
Choice Meats of all kinds. Just Received a car load of nice mutton which we are selling as follows:

Mutton, by the whole -	6½ cts.
Nice leg of mutton	8 "
Mutton roast -	8 "
Mutton chops -	8 "

Nice pork, Beef, Pigs Feet. Tripe, Chickens, Turkeys, Geese, and everything found in city markets always on hand.
Parties desiring to buy a whole, half, or quarter, cut up and delivered can be accommodated.
Market No 32, 5th Street South.

—THE—
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul
RAILWAY
IS THE SHORT LINE
—FROM—
ST. PAUL AND MINNNEAPOLIS
Via La Crosse and Milwaukee to
CHICAGO
And all points in the Eastern States and Canada.
It is the only line under one management between St. Paul and Chicago, and is the finest Equipped Railway in the Northwest. It is the only line running Pullman Sleeping Cars and Palace Smoking Cars via the famous "River Bank Route." Along the Shores of Lake Pepin and the beautiful Mississippi River, to Milwaukee and Chicago. Its trains connect with those of the Northern lines in the Grand Union Depot at St. Paul. No Change of Cars of any Class between St. Paul and Chicago. The finest Dining Cars in the world are now being run by this Company between St. Paul and Chicago.
For through tickets, time-tables, and full information apply to any coupon ticket agent in the Northwest.
S. S. MERRILL, Gen'l Manager. A. V. H. CARPENTER, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
J. T. CLARK, Gen. Supt. GEO. H. HEAFORD, Asst. Gen'l Pass. Agt.
Milwaukee, Wis.
W. H. DIXON, Gen'l Northwestern Passenger Agent, St. Paul, Minn.

SUMMONS.

STATE OF MINNESOTA } ss.
Counties of Crow Wing, Aitkin, Cass and Itasca.

District Court 11th Judicial District.

WILLIAM M. MURPHY, Plaintiff,
vs.
WILLIAM H. WHITE, Defendant.

The State of Minnesota to the above named defendant:

You are hereby summoned and required to answer the complaint of the plaintiff in the above entitled action, which has been filed in the office of the clerk of said court at the city of Brainerd in the county of Crow Wing aforesaid, and to serve a copy of your answer to said complaint on the subscribers, at their office, in the city of St. Paul, in the county of Ramsey, state aforesaid, within twenty days after the service of this summons upon you, exclusive of the day of such service; and, if you fail to answer the said complaint within the time aforesaid, the plaintiff in this action will apply to the said court for the relief demanded in said complaint, together with the costs and disbursements herein.

SANFORD & SANFORD,
Plaintiff's Attorneys,
St. Paul, Minn.

Dated Oct. 7th, 1884.

Great Closing Out Sale.
OF
BOOTS and SHOES.
The entire stock of Wadham s Boots and Shoes will be sold at great sacrifice, The entire stock is of the cleanest and of the very best of goods. Among the fine grades are the makes of Renyold Bros,, Gray Bros., Curtis & Wheeler and a few other fine grades, Not a shoddy pair of boots or shoes in the entire stock, Buy earley and get your choice.
Such bargains only to be had at
SMITH'S OLD STAND.
SIXTH STREET.

H. S. TOTTON,
DEALER IN
Fine Boots, Shoes and Slippers
SLEEPER BLOCK, FRONT STREET.

N. McFADDEN. C. D. JOHNSON
McFADDEN & JOHNSON,
PROPRIETORS OF
THE OLDEST DRUG STORE
IN BRAINERD.
Front Street, between 5th and 6th.
We make a Specialty of PURE DRUGS, TRUSSES, MACHINE OILS, FINE PERFUMERY, COLGATE SOAPS, TOILET ARTICLES.
Physicians' Prescriptions Carefully Compounded

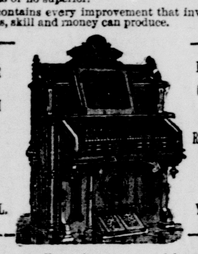
ED. WHITE. I. U. WHITE
WHITE & WHITE,
Contractors & Builders,
—DEALERRS IN—
SASH, DOORS BLINDS, MOULDINGS,
GLASS, PAPER, NAILS, and A Full Line of
BUILDERS' HARDWARE!
Call and Get our Prices before Buying Elsewhere.
IT WILL REPAY YOU

GOING EAST
—OR—
GOING WEST
No matter which, the
Northern Paific Railroad
IS YOUR LINE.
As it will take you in either direction between
ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS, DULUTH, BRAINERD, GLYNDON, CASSELTON, MOORHEAD, FARGO, VALLEY CITY, JAMESTOWN, MINNEWAUKAN, (Devil's Lake), MILNOR, LAMOURE, BISMARCK, MANDAN, GLENDIVE, BILLINGS, HELENA, Yellowstone National Park, DEER LODGE, BUTTE CITY, MISSOULA, SPOKANE FALLS, WALLA WALLA, THE DELLES,
PORTLAND, OR.,
OLYMPIA, TACOMA, SEATTLE, VICTORIA, B. C.,
All Points in
BRITISH COLUMBIA and ALASKA
SALEM, ALBANY, AND BOSEBURG, ORE.
REMEMBER That the Northern Pacific Railroad runs
THE ONLY EMIGRANT SLEEPERS!
THE ONLY DAY COACHES!
THE ONLY PULLMAN SLEEPERS!
THE ONLY DINING CARS!
—BETWEEN—
ST. PAUL AND PORTLAND, ORE.
ELEGANT HORTON CHAIR CARS are run between St. Paul and Fargo, on Fargo Day express, Free, for Ladies, or Gentlemen accompanied Ladies, holding first class tickets.
Full information in regard to the Northern Pacific lines can be obtained FREE by addressing
CHAS. S. FEE,
General Passenger Agt
ST. PAUL, MINN.

MONEY MADE ON A SMALL CAPITAL
Apparatus, Stock & Supplies of all kinds For Making Rubber Hand Stamps.
No other light manufacturing business can equal it for large and speedy returns. A rare chance to establish a permanent, profitable and growing business in your own town on a very small capital
SEND FOR DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS.
BARNES & ALLEN MFG. CO., SYRACUSE, N. Y.

MACHINERY AND TOOLS
For Light Manufacturing & Amateurs.
Lathes, Drill Presses, Shapers, Scroll Saws & small Machine Tools for Iron and Wood Working.
SEND STAMP FOR CATALOGUE.
R. G. BARNES & CO. - - SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Brainerd
MEAT MARKET
S. WALKER, Prop.
Fresh and Salt Meat of all kinds.
NO. 8, - EAST FRONT STREET

THE
CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN
Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.
It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.
OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.

EVERY ORGAN WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.
These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.
ESTABLISHED REPUTATION, UNEQUALED FACILITIES, SKILLED WORKMEN, BEST MATERIAL, COMBINED, MAKE THIS
THE POPULAR ORGAN
Instruction Books & Piano Stools
Catalogues & Price Lists, on application, FREE.
The Chicago Cottage Organ Co.
Corner Randolph and Ann Streets,
CHICAGO, ILL.

Stop that Cough
By using Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balsam the only sure cure for coughs, colds, horseness, and sore throat, and all diseases of the throat and lungs. Do not neglect a cough. It may prove fatal. Score- and hundreds of grateful people owe their lives to Dr. Frazier's Throat and Lung Balsam, and no family will ever be without it after once using it, and discovering its marvelous power. It is put up in large family bottles and sold for the small price of 75 cents a bottle.
FRAZIER MEDICINE CO., Prop'r, Cleveland, Ohio.
For Sale by F. M. Cable & Co.

Dr. Fraziers Root Bitters.
Frazier's Root Bitters act strongly upon the Liver and Kidneys, keeps the bowels open and regular, make the weak strong, heal the lungs, build up the nerves, and cleanse the blood and system of every impurity. Sold by F. M. Cable & Co. Price $1.
FRAZIER MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

PILES! PILES! PILES!
A SURE CURE FOUND AT LAST.
NO ONE NEED SUFFER.
A Sure cure for blind, bleeding, itching, and ulcerated piles has been discovered by Dr. Williams (an Indian remedy) called Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment. A single box has cured the worst chronic cases of 25 or 30 years standing. No one need suffer five minutes after applying this wonderful soothing medicine. Lotions, instruments and electuaries do more harm than good. Williams Indian pile ointment absorbs the tumors, allays the intense itching, particularly night after getting warm in bed) acts as a poultice, gives instant relief, and is prepared only for piles, itching of the private parts, and for nothing else.
Read what the Hon. J. M. Coffinberry of Cleveland says about Dr. William's Indian Pile Ointment: "I have used scores of Pile cures, and it affords me pleasure to say that I have never found anything which gave such immediate and permanent relief as Dr. William's Indian Ointment. For Sale by F. M. Cable & Co. Price 50 cents and $1. FRAZIER MEDICINE CO., Proprietors, of Cleveland.

NOTICE.

U. S. Land Office, St. Cloud, Minn., Nov. 24, 1884.

Complaint having been entered at this office by C. E. Jones against Andrew P. Walgren, for abandoning his Homestead Entry No 12,506, dated November 19, 1883, upon the nw¼ section 5, township 43, Range 31, in Csow Wing county, Minn., with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this office on the 10th day of January, 1885, at 10 o'clock a. m., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

D. H. FREEMAN, Register.
W. B. MITCHELL, Receiver.

Wholesale Liquors
KENTUCKY LIQUOR CO.
PURE KENTUCKY WHISKIES,
AND A FULL LINE OF LIQUORS AND WINES, IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC BELONGING TO THAT BRANCH OF BUSINESS LARGE STOCK ALWAYS ON HAND.
We Sell Also in Quantities of Half Pints and Upwards.
Also Full Line of Goods For
FAMILY USES, MEDICINAL OR Otherwise.
Prices Low.
Orders by Mail Receive Careful and prompt Attention.
Open until 8:30 P. M., Saturdays until 9 P. M.
Laurel Street, Between Fifth and Sixth Streets,
BRAINERD, - - - - - - - MINN.

J. McCALLUM,
Merchant Tailor
Front Street bet. 7th and 8th,
Would Announce to his friends and customers that he is now locate in his new quarters and is ready to receive orders. His ELEGANT STOCK of goods is complete and he Guarantees Satisfaction in every Respect.
Cleaning and Repairing a Specialty.
Give me a call and be convinced that I can suit you better than any other Tailor in the City.

IF YOU WANT TO
PAINT.
Paper or Kalsomine Your House,
Call on BRADFORD & BENNETT, House, Sign and Carriage Painters,
LAUREL ST., between Fourth and Fifth Streets, BRAINERD, MINN

GENERAL LAND OFFICE
C. B. SLEEPER,
Attorney at Law
And Real Estate Agent.
MONTHLY PAYMENTS FOR CHEAP RESIDENCE LOTS IN SLEEPER'S ADDITION.
GOOD BUSINESS LOTS ON FRONT STREET.
OFFICE IN
SLEEPER BLOCK, - - - - BRAINERD

HARNESS SHOP
CORNER LAUREL AND SIXTH STREETS.
Keep on hand an assortment - - - of everything in the line.
Harness, Nets, Whips, Curbs
BRUSHES, BRIDLES, SADDLES, COLLARS.
D. W. WHITFORD.
Fine Outfits Made a Specialty

F. A. B. KING & CO.,
Successors to CAVER & MOHLE.
—DEALERS IN—
WOOD AND COAL
ALSO
Stucco and Plastering Hair.
MARBLE HEAD LIME IN BARRELS
Charcoal for Sale.
BRAINERD, - MINN

FRANK H. ELVIDGE
Dealer in
COAL & WOOD,
Beween Eighthand Ninth Sts.,
EAST OF FREIGHT OFFICE.
Branch Offices: At Conklin, Clark & Co's, and at C. A. Loomis' Grocery Store, East Brainerd,
Telephone Connections

CHRISTMAS

Is Gone,

Cleveland

Is Going to the

WHITE HOUSE,

SO AM I GOING TO

L. J. CALE'S

To Buy My Goods

-AT-

Hard Times

PRICES,

And Save Money and Time.

These Prices to Continue Until Further Notice.

GROCERY DEPARTMENT:

G. Sugar	10 cts per lb. or 13 lbs for	$1.00
A. "	10 " " 13 "	1.00
X. C "	10 " " 13 "	1.00
C. "	7 " " 14 "	1.00
Prunes	10 " " 12 "	1.00
Dried Peaches	10 c. " 12 "	1.00
Raisins	8 cents per pound.	
Flour, best Fancy Patent,		2.50
" Straight, best in market,		2.00
" XXX,		1.75
Oat Meal, 5 cents per lb or 24 lbs for		1.00
Corn Starch 10 cts per lb or 11 lbs for		1.00
Gloss Starch 10 cts per lb or 11 lbs for		1.00
Best Rio Coffee 20 cts or 6 lbs for		1.00
Best O. G. Java 30 cts or 3½ lbs for		1.00
Choice Syrup 50 cents per gallon.		
Best Cheese per pound		.15
Saleratus 10 cts per lb or 11 lbs. for		1.00
Rice 10 cts per lb or 12 lbs for		1.00
Beans 10 cts per quart or peck		.60
Soap 5 cts per lb bar or 20 bars for		1.00
Tea, Japan 25 cents, 50 and 60 cts per lb.		
For Pickles per bottle		.20
For Chow Chow		.25
Butter, best in market at 25 cents.		
Eggs, always fresh and cheap.		

Canned Goods as Follows:

Tomatoes, 15 cents or 8 cans for	1.00
Corn, best brands, 15 cts or 8 cans for	1.00
Egg Plums 15 cents or 7 for	1.00
Grapes 15 cents or 7 for	1.00
Salmon 15 cents or 7 for	1.00
Three lb. Peaches 15, 20 and 25c per can.	
Strawberries 15 cts per can or 7 for	1.00
Sardines 10 cts per can or 11 cans for	1.00
Gallon Apples per can	.35

MISCELANEOUS:

One car load of winter Apples, three bushel barrels, delivered in any part of the city, at $3.25 per barrel.	
Bran per ton	$10.00
Shorts per ton	13.00
Matches, 100 boxes for	1.00
Kerosene, 20 cents per gallon.	

300 Cords Dry Maple Wood Cheap, Leave Orders at Store.

DRY GOODS DEPARTMENT:

Prints, best brands per yard,	5 cts
Ginghams, best brands per yard,	10 cts
L. L. Sheeting, per yard	6¾ cts
Fruit of Loom, per yard,	10 cts

Everything in the Entire Stock of Dry Goods Proportionately Cheap.

Remember the Place,

L. J. CALE'S STORE,

In Cale Block, Front St., Brainerd.

War!

-ON-

HARD TIMES

GROCERIES,

-AT-

Prices that Will Astonish You.

KOOP BROS.

ARE STILL ON THE WAR PATH AND WILL NOT BE

UNDERSOLD!

By any Store in Brainerd.

FRONT STREET, KOOP BLOCK

Watch this space for Bargains.

Local News

Date your letter 1885.

Attend the singing school.

Brainerd will now be blessed with two banks.

Stick to the resolutions you made on Thursday.

Clerk of the Court Frater visited Aitken on Friday.

Reuben Gray gave a dance at the Gull River House New Years.

The thermometer registered 38 degrees below zero at 8:30 o'clock Friday morning.

Max Shapiro keeps anything and everything in the meat line that mortal man could desire.

There is now plenty of snow in the pineries and the woodsmen are getting in some lively work.

You can buy mutton at 6½ cents per pound at Max Shapiro's market if you take a whole one.

Lep. Metzger came up from St. Paul on New Years Day and is "shaking" with his many friends here.

Pap. Thomas Post installed their officers publicly on New Year's night. They had a very pleasant social time.

Barney Mattison has been hired by the city to attend the hose house. Does the Tribune endorse the move?

J. K. Pearce has moved his meat market from Laurel street to the building formerly occupied by Cohen Bros. on Front street.

If you want a nice leg of mutton, call at Max Shapiro's market on Fifth street. Only 8 cents a pound.

Chas. Thompson got the silver cup for the best waltzing at Bosco's show Monday night. Katie Pearce was awarded the chain and locket.

F. M. deLambert is the gentleman who has taken Jos. E. Wilson's place as chief clerk at the N. P. shops. He is from Sprague, W. T.

Leon Houde, of Little Falls has just opened a fine sample room in that city with a restaurant in connection. Houde is a rustler and no mistake.

Bishop Seidenbush, of St. Cloud, was the only member of the recent plenary council held at Baltimore, who wore a beard, as pictured in Harper's Weekly.

The blame of not having water at the Brockway fire was laid to the telephone not being in working order. The water company was not to blame.

Ed. Mahan, who some weeks ago went to New Orleans, returned to Brainerd on Sunday morning last. Mr. Mahan thinks there are worse places than our own city.

MARRIED—In Brainerd, at the Congregationalist parsonage on Tuesday evening, Dec. 30, Mr. John Rossiter of Duluth and Miss Millie Brucker, of Mandan.

E. E. M. Smith keeps the finest line of cigars in the city.

Sheriff Mertz went to St. Paul, on Wednesday to bring back John Slocum (colored) who was arrested by Detective John O'Connor of that city on Tuesday. Slocum is wanted here for larceny.

The crazy Chinaman is confined in the county jail. Sheriff Mertz will escort him to St. Peter the first of the week. Lu Lee is happy to think that he will be bothered no more.

W. H. Weibler has an announcement in this issue. Mr. Weibler proposes to close his stock out before the 10th, at which time he will remove to the southern part of the state.

The Wells, Fargo & Co's express office has been moved into the room formerly occupied by the Metzger Bros., on 6th street which has been fixed up in fine shape for the express business.

The case of John Snowden came up on Friday and was adjourned until next Wednesday. Snowden is charged with stealing money and valuables to the amount of about $200 from L. W. Thomas.

The "frail ones" paid their monthly fines to Judge Douglas, on Friday. There are three institutions of this kind running in the city, and they contribute some $90 per month into the coffers of the city treasury.

The whole complement of the Northern Pacific snow force here has gone to Oregon to help the Oregon Railway and Navigation company through. This division is all right, but the Dakota and Montana is kept back.

The county commissioners will meet in regular session on Tuesday next, at which time the auditor and treasurer will be installed into their respective offices having already furnished bonds in the sum of $5,000 and $40,000.

Two gentlemen high up in society circles have signed articles of agreement for a contest at the roller rink. Neither of them have ever had rollers on, and the occasion will be well worth attending, The date will be given later on.

If you are in search of confectionery or cigars go to the corner of Fifth and Front streets. Smith will accommodate you with the choicest the market affords.

The Crookston G. A. R. post mourns the loss of $85. Dunc. Morris was ticket seller for an entainment gotten up by the post and he skipped while the play was was going on, and the veterans mourn his departure.

Morris Hafey and C. A. C. Smith will meet at Fergus Falls on Monday next for a soft glove contest. The St. Paul dailies say this will be the event of the winter sporting season in the northwest. Hafey is well known in Brainerd and doubtless several Brainerdites will witness the set-to.

The Scotch citizens of Brainerd will celebrate the memory of Robert Burns by a concert and entertainment at the Opera House on Monday the 26th of January, the anniversary of his birth day being on the 25th: The programme, which is a very fine one will be given in next week's issue.

A singing school will be started in the Bank block next Wednesday.

Buy your confectionery at E. E. M. Smith's

The Tribune accidently forgot to publish some of the notices the state press gave its annual.

Ed. Gray has challenged John Dorsey, of Detroit, to skate theee or five miles for one to five hundred dollars.

The court house has been so cold for the past week that it has been uncomfortable for the occupants thereof. The heating apparatus in the basement is a decided failure.

A team of horses belonging to Gregor Schlichting of North Prairie got away from the owner at Brainerd, Dec. 16, and nothing has been heard of them since.

The Northwestern Tribune of Brainerd, has sent out an annual or almanac for 1885. The press work is not as good as one would expect on that class of work from a city like Brainerd.—Todd County Argus.

A social time was enjoyed on Wednesday evening at the residence of Mrs. Merritt on Main street, the occasion being a surprise party gotten up on Miss Minnie and Fred Merritt. The new year was ushered in with due ceremony.

We understand that John Rogan has accepted H. Rosenblatt's challenge to skate three miles at the East Brainerd Ice Rink, and that the contest will take place next Monday night. The wager is for $100.

George Moede, a small boy of Windom, disobeyed his fathers orders by attending the skating rink; but no sooner had he put the prohibited rollers upon his feet than he fell, breaking his leg. Brainerd boys and girls should take warning.

Miss Jennie Jelow of Brainerd arrived in town on Saturday last enroute to Gravelville, where she is now visiting her aunt, Mrs. F. X. Goulet. Her sister, Miss Octavia Jelow, who has been visiting here for several weeks, will return to Brainerd in a few days—Transcript.

Hon. John R. Howes leaves on Saturday next for the state capital to be in readiness for business at the meeting of the legislature the first of the week. There are several important measures of interest to his constituents in this part of the district that will demand and receive his untiring attention.

According to the Advents' theory this great and glorious earth quits business on Monday next, the 5th day of January, 1885. On the 4th all nations will come together and speak one tongue. Should they prove correct the balance of a very cold winter will be escaped.

Deputy Sheriff Ole Mattison kept open house at the jail on New Years, but no criminals called and he is disconsolate. Taking this together with his bet and the fun the boys poke at him about falling out of his chair at the opera house, he says he says he don't know how soon he will be going over the road to St. Peter.

A. Newman, a harness maker who has been in Brainerd for some years was adjudged insane on the 29th, and will be taken to St. Peter on Monday. He has been somewhat confused in the upper story for some time, and at one time imagined he owned the ground that the business center of St. Paul is built upon, and went down to claim his rights, but for some unaccountable reason the parties did not give it up to him.

F. J. Smith will start for the Hot Springs of Arkansas on Sunday. Mr. Smith has been troubled with rheumatism for some years and goes there to see if he cannot be benefitted. His Front street barber shop will be kept in running order during his absence of about six weeks by our genial friend John Cochran, who will have his hands full during Mr. Smith's absence.

People from all parts of the globe have flocked to New Orleans. Mechanics seeking labor, capitalists seeking pleasure and sharks seeking victims. M. T. Mantor formerly employed in the freight department here writes to C. H. Congdon that there is not much show for a man to come there with the idea of getting employment as it was by the merest chance that he struck a job.

On Tuesday some fellows broke into Mrs. H. Clark's second hand store on Fifth street and gave the place a general ransacking. They gained an entrance by breaking in the back door with an axe. The plunder they obtained consisted of a gold and silver watch and two dresses which were valued by Mrs. Clark at $190. They also got away with three pies and a large cake. There was another watch and a pocket book containing $25 in currency in the show case which evidently escaped their attention. It is supposed that the thieves are two fellows who called and tried to sell the lady some goods and who were watching her when she locked the store up and started over to town. No arrests have yet been made.

Fraternal Honors.

Brother Stivers, of the Brainerd Journal, won the heavy weight race at the rink in that city recently. This is a great victory for the press of the state, as it demonstrates that editors can run as well as fight.—Todd Co. Argus.

Singing School.

On Wednesday evening Jan. 7th, C. H. Congdon will organize a singing school in room 10, Bank block. The term will be composed of twenty lessons at ten cents each. Let every one interested in singing be present. There are plenty of good voices in Brainerd if they are only brought out. No time or pains will be spared to give all who join a thorongh drill in vocal music. The classes will be graded so that new beginners will be by themselves, and in that manner they will not retard the progress of those more advanced, and more time will be given them on the rudiments. A class will also be formed for the chidren and each class will meet twice a week. Let every one who has a voice come and improve this opportunity. The first night will be free to all.

"Put Up or Shut Up."

Under the above caption the Detroit Record says:

We all know that John Dorsey is not a betting man, but when he sees a good thing and a sure thing we don't believe he is the man to take a back seat. We are in receipt of the following, dated Brainerd, December 26th, 1884:

MR. JOHN DORSEY, Esq.:

Dear Sir: I see by some of your skating at the Brainerd Roller Rink last Wednesday night, and from what I have heard since, that you claim to be an expert skater. I hereby challenge you to skate a 3 to 5 mile race for one hundred ($100) or five hundred dollars ($500). I beat Marr, the tinker, at Aitken, and feel confident I can do you in a five mile contest.

(Signed) ED. GRAY.

Too True.

The legislature passed a bill to change the boundry line of Wadena, Morrison, Cass, and Crow Wing counties. The matter was submitted to a vote and Crow Wing claimed a strip from Cass county because a majority of votes in the two counties concerned was cast in favor of the change. The change proposed in the boundary line between Morrison and Crow Wing counties was voted down and now the attorney general holds that as the bill included all the changes the whole matter had to stand or fall together, and it fell. The line between Crow Wing and Cass remains unchanged.—Long Prairie Argus.

New Business Venture.

We are pleased to announce this week that our genial friend George Perley has concluded to start a wagon factory in Brainerd and has already commenced operations for the opening of the same which will be the first of January. Mr. Perley has been in St. Paul and Minneapolis this week purchasing material and the necessary tools and on his return will immediately commence operations. He has rented the building next to the old Garden Theatre. Mr. Perley was engaged in the business here about two years ago, but had the misfortune to be among the losers in the Laurel street fire which occurred about that time. His reputation as a wagon builder needs no comments from us as his work speaks for itself and already he has orders for several wagons to be built as soon as he can get in running order.

A Domestic Strike.

The dining room girls at the Bell House "walked out" yesterday on account of a regulation by the proprietor to the effect that no visitors should be allowed in the girls' sitting room later than 10:30 p. m. There were five of the girls but the strike did not paralyze the house to any great extent. Gentlemen waiters now serve in the dining room.—Fergus Falls Telegram.

By reading the above it will be seen that dining room girls and other hotel help are bound to have their sacred rights respected, and if they can't have their "fellow" come and see them and stay 'till the "wee sma hours" they won't work and that settles it. It is to be hoped that the epidemic won't strike this city to any great extent.

Severely Caned.

On New Year's evening at the office of H. J. Small at the N. P. shops, Jos. E. Wilson was presented with an elegant gold headed cane by the employes of the offices and the shops, that being his last day in the employ of the company, he having resigned to take his office as auditor of Crow Wing county. The presentation was made by H. J. Small in behalf of the donors who in a neat little speech told Mr. Wilson that they were all very sorry to lose him from their midst, but were glad to note his prosperity and good luck in securing one of the highest offices in the gift of the people of the county, and that the cane was a slight token of their regard for him. The affair was an entire surprise to Mr. Wilson, but nevertheless was a source of gratification to him, and he carries the memento with considerable grace.

The New Year.

New Year's Day was observed in Brainerd on Thursday to a greater extent than has heretofore been the custom, despite the exceedingly cold weather. The sleighing was excellent, and had the mercury been at zero or above instead of down in the twenties there would have been more callers; as it was the man who loved comfort and a good fire stayed in doors. In six years the New Year has not been ushered in in such a frosty manner, and despite the great coats and furs it was decidedly chilly. At about twenty-five places there was "open house" and the large number of ladies who acted as entertainers were not slighted, as about fifty gentlemen who figure in Brainerd society made the rounds: The ceremonies were performed in a very sensible manner, there being no eccentricities in either dress or equippage more than common. It would be almost impossible and unjust to mention particularly any one or more houses among so many when each lady did her best to please her gentlemen callers, and where each house was made as attractive as possible, in most instances the windows being darkened and the rooms illuminated.

Morrison County.

From the Transcript.]

We understand that Hugh Riddle, one of the old settlers of Morrison county, will soon move to Brainerd, where he has bought an interest in a livery stable.

A large share of wheat raised on Crow Wing prairie has been taken to the Brainerd flouring mill this fall and exchanged for flour, etc. A considerable amount of wheat has also been taken from the vicinity of Ft. Ripley.

Indian Agent C. P. Luse and party returned Sunday evening from Mille Lacs, where they went to make the Indians their annual payment. About 800 Indians are supposed to draw an annuity of $8 at Mille Lacs, but there were several who failed to reach the place of payment this year. Whisky was unusually scarce after the payment, the Indian police and detectives frightening away the whiskey sellers.

S. & J. W. Koop have a new announcement in this issue.

Money to loan on real estate by Keene & Nevers.

New Banking House.

For some time it has been rumored that Brainerd would have a new bank, but the full particulars as to who the interested parties were, and when the doors would be opened to the public was not given out until within the week. It is with much pride that the DISPATCH makes the announcement that the gentlemen who are connected with the new enterprise are of Brainerd's first and best citizens, gentlemen who are noted and respected for their honesty and square dealings with their fellow men and in whom the people have the greatest confidence. The following being the proprietors as well as the officers of the institution:

President—John N. Nevers.
Vice President—Geo. A. Keene.
Cashier—C. L. Spaulding.

Each one of the above named gentlemen are men who have been in Brainerd long enough to gain the good will of the people who reside in our thriving little city. The two former are the oldest residents, Mr. Spaulding having come to Brainerd some two years ago, being previously engaged for five years as head book keeper in the First National Bank of Minneapolis and also connected with banks in eastern cities. The institution will be a private banking house, and its advent into Brainerd's business circles is considered exceedingly advantageous to its interests by men who are in a position to know. The business will be carried on in the room occupied by Keene & Nevers on 6th street, and it is expected that active operations will be commenced on or before the 15th of the present month.

Respectfully Dedicated.

The reading on the outside pages of our paper which is printed in St. Paul is becoming more interesting each issue. There is this week reading for the old and young. News in general from all parts of the globe, with a column of Minnesota news notes being a special feature. The "Revolutionary Love Story" on the first page and "My Experience in State's Prison," on the fourth page are stories that will interest all. You get a paper full to overflowing 52 times a year for the paltry sum of $1.50, which is 50 cents or a dollar less than is charged by most papers the size of the DISPATCH. If you think you get your money's worth, dear reader, it will be a great favor to us if you will call and renew your subscription, and pay up for arrears, (if there be any under whose gaze this item falls who are in arrears, and we think there are quite a number,) and if you do not think you get your money's worth call at the office and we will give you a receipt in full and for a year in advance, which is the best we can do considering the hard times. There are a number of subscribers on our books who are from one to three years behind, and its a matter of negligence rather than a disposition not to pay that has caused it. One dollar and fifty cents is not much when taken alone, but when you get three or four hundred of them it amounts to considerable, and country publishers are but human and must have what they have honestly earned. To those of our subscribers who do not feel able to pay at present we are willing to wait until times become better but there are a number who are in circumstances which will permit of squaring up accounts at the beginning of the year, and to them this notice is respectfully dedicated.

True as Gospel.

The good people of Brainerd had a chance to witness the wonderful (?) performances of Signor Bosco for three successive nights the past week and they improved the opportunity the best they knew how. On each night the seating capacity of the opera house was taxed to the utmost, and the the last night of the performance even the standing room was taken. It was not so much the tricks of the signor that caught the quarters of the unsuspecting public (although he is a clever magician) as it was the announcement of the distribution of many presents among the audience consisting of elegant silverware, bed room sets, $20 in cash, etc., etc. If there is anybody in this town who is imbued with the idea that any traveling showman is going to give away hundreds of dollars worth of goods more than he can possibly make up at the door, the sooner they disabuse themselves of the idea the better. The signor took at least $250 out of the town and what did he leave? A few pewter cake baskets, butter dishes and butter knives, several nursing bottles, two or three brass chains and lockets, one second hand watch that would not bring $3 if put up for sale at a church fair, and last but not least several people who have the consolation of knowing that the adage "a fool and his money is soon parted" is in some instances correct, especially when he is gulled into buying a package of tickets for $1 with the assurance that in said package will be at least one prize, and then finds out the prize is a needle case with six common needles in it.

Should a first-class dramatic troupe appear in the opera house to-night that was conducted on square business principles there would not be enough patronage to pay for the hall rent and the the expenses of the troupe, while a snide wizzard, with a few stale egg tricks will pack the hall to overflowing. This may seem pretty plain talk but there is more truth than poetry in it. Wadena, Detroit, Fargo, Moorhead and Duluth will be afflicted.

Try for the Book.

Ten enigmas have been furnished the DISPATCH by a correspondent in the city, two of which will be printed each week until they have all been published. The answers to them will be the name of some popular young lady and gentleman of this city. The person sending us the greatest number of correct answers during the five weeks will be presented with a copy of Whittier's poems. If two or more send in the same number of correct answers the recipient will be determined by lot.

NUMBER 7

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 11, 4, 6, 7, a kind of earth.
My 8, 10, 3, 7, to reclaim.
My 12, 2, 9, 5, to meet.
My 5, 1, spell my first.
My whole is the name of a popular young lady.

NUMBER 8.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 8, 7, 1 2, an animal.
My 6, 5, 3, 4, a boys name.
My whole the name of a prominent young man of Brainerd.

County Orders.

It is to be hoped for the good of the people who expect to reside in the glorious county of Crow Wing that county orders will not depreciate in value to a greater extent than they have already reached. It is of vital interest to the taxpayers and the welfare of the county that these orders be kept as near par as possible. Supposing, for instance, that money sharks and speculators that have an eye on all places where there is half the chance for investment that there is in this city and county at the present time, make it a point to run these orders down to 50 cents on the dollar and buy all they can get of them, and there is a good many to be had, what will be the result? It will be disastrous in the extreme. The county will be compelled to pay two prices for everything that she gets and the poor tax-payers who are already laboring under a burdensome tax will be obliged to pay a still higher rate which will go into the pockets of the money sharks, to enrich them and fill their coffers with gold. It will be as it was some years ago when the orders were way below par. A farmer brings in a load of wood which for cash would bring $4, but he is told that he will have to take county orders for his pay, and as they are worth only 50 cents he must get $8 a cord for his wood. The wood sawyer with ten mouths to feed cannot saw and split the same for his accustomed $2 as he would realize only $1 out of the operation, and he has to get an order for $4 for his labor. The wood has now cost the county $12 per cord, and who is ahead? The men who actually performed the labor have got only the actual value, while the man who bought the orders made six dollars besides 7 per cent. on the $12 until the county pays them. This is only one instance and every stroke of labor and every article the county buys is in the same ratio. It can readily be seen that it is of vital importance to keep the orders at or near par as possible. There is money in them at 90 cents, and at that price they should find ready sale at home in our own banks, or to men who have money which they wish to invest in a remunerative and safe business.

Council Proceedings.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, Dec. 29, 1884.

Council met in special session. called to order by President Forsythe.

Present Ald. Taylor, Howe, Slipp, Watts, and President Forsyth; absent, Ald. Ort.

Moved and seconded that the purchasing committee purchase 15 cords of wood for use at the hose house and city jail. Motion carried.

Ald. Howe stated that he was likely to be absent from the city for a number of days and Ald Taylor was appointed to act with the committee in his stead.

Communication from the Chief Engineer of Fire Department and also from the engineer in charge of the pump house was read and referred to the committee on water works, and all matter pertaining to fire protection.

Moved by Ald. Howe and seconded by Ald. Slipp, that a janitor be appointed for the hose house. Carried.

Moved by Ald. Slipp and seconded by Pres. Forsythe, that Barney Matteson be appointed janitor of the hose house, at a salary of one dollar per day. Yeas: Slipp, Watts, Taylor and Forsythe; noes: Howe. Motion carried.

On motion the appointment, by F. W. Farnham, chief, of James Dewar as first assistant engineer, to fill vacancy (caused by death of E. R. French) until next annual election, was confirmed.

Council adjourned.

G. A. KEENE, Chief Clerk.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. Royal Baking Powder Co. 105 Wall street, N. Y.

For Sale by S. & J. W. Koop.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

Land Office at St. Cloud, Minn., December 13th, 1884.

Notice is hereby given that the following named settler has filed notice or his intention to make final proof in support of his claim and that said proof will be made before A. W. Frater, Clerk of the District Court at Brainerd, Minn., on Monday January 26, 1885, viz: Wm. H. Everest, of Crow Wing county, Minn., for the se¼ sec. 30, Township 44, range 31.

He names the following witnesses to prove his continuous residence upon and cultivation of said land, viz. Charles H. Mayo, John Chisholm M. D., Everest, L. E. Coon, all of Crow Wing, Minn. D. H. FREEMAN, Register.

Skin Diseases Cured.

By Dr. Frazier's Magic Ointment. Cures as if by magic: Pimples, Black Heads or Grabs, blotches, eruptions on the face, leaving the skin clear and beautiful. Also cures itch, salt rheum, sore nipples, sore lips, and old, obstinate ulcers. Sold by F. M. Cable & Co., or mailed on receipt of price 50 cents.

FRAZIER MEDICINE CO., Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Dr. Walton's Periodical Tea.

Mother Walton has prescribed this valuable medicine for a great many years in her private practice. It has proved an unfailing specific in the treatment of the many disorders to which the female constitution is subject. It is a sure cure for the monthly troubles that so many women suffer. Mailed on receipt of price, 50c., by

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SAMPLE ROOM,

SIXTH STREET.

Fourth Door South of the Post-Office

EVERYTHING NEAT AND TASTY.

Select Stocks Constantly on Hand.

W. E. Martin, Prop

Keene & Nevers

REAL ESTATE AND Insurance Agents.

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City and County Orders Bought.

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BRAINERD - MINN.

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From the beginning it has been our effort, in reaching through this magazine the homes of the people, to make those homes purer, better, and happier.

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In addition to the General Literary Department of the Magazine, many pages are devoted to home and household affairs. These are "The Home Circle," "The Mother's Department," "Religious Reading," "Art at Home," "Health Department," "Fancy Needlework," "Temperance Department," "Boys' and Girls' Treasury," "Fashion Notes," "Hints to Housekeepers," Butterick's Fashion Illustrations, with prices at which patterns can be obtained, etc., etc.

TERMS, $2.00 a year; two copies, $3.50; three copies, $5.00; four copies, $6.00; eight copies and one extra, $12.00.—Specimen numbers free.

T. S. ARTHUR & SON, Philadelphia, Pa.

1885 THE 1885

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OF

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In short, everything that can interest every member of the family.

No weekly newspaper in the country spends as much money for original contributions as THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

It has constantly grown better ever since it was started, and will grow better continually.

MANY NEW ATTRACTIONS

will be presented next year.

TWENTY GENERALS,

prominent in the war, have promised contributions on great events of the war, and other new and attractive features will be presented.

It is a paper that every ex-Soldier and every one interested in the history of the war for the Union ought to have.

Address,

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(From the tenth census, vol. 5, just published)

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WHAT IT IS TO-DAY?

Six months ago the American Agriculturist entered upon a new career of prosperity, and to-day it is far superior to any similar periodical ever produced in this or any other country. Richer in editorial strength; richer in engravings; printed on finer paper, and presenting in every issue 100 columns of original reading from the ablest writers, and nearly 100 illustrations. Dr. George Thurber, for nearly a quarter of a century the editor-in-chief of the American Agriculturist, Joseph Harris, Byron D. Halsted, Col. R. C. Weld, and Andrew S. Fuller, the other long tong time editors, together with the other writers, who have made the American Agriculturist what it is to-day, are still at their posts.

WHAT, FREE???

Every subscriber, whose subscription is immediately forwarded us with the price, 1 50 per year, and 15 cents extra, for postage on Cyclopædia, making 1 65 in all, will receive the American Agriculturist [English or German] for all of 1885, and be presented with the Agriculturist Family Cyclopædia, (just out), 700 Pages and over 1000 Engravings, Strongly bound in cloth, black and gold.

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Until Jan. 10.

Having decided to remove from Brainerd on or about the 10th of the present month, we offer our entire stock At Cost in orde to save moving.

This is NO HUMBUG

We Mean Business.

OUR ENTIRE STOCK

MUST GO.

Dry Goods, Underwear, Etc.

W. H. WEIBLER,

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The building occupied by us is for rent after that date.

Merchant Tailoring

Tough. Tougher,

TOUGHEST

Six months ago the High Priced Concerns about town said business was TOUGH. Two months ago it was TOUGHER. Now they Complain that it is the TOUGHEST in their history.

So Much for Mr. Tough.

Now what has LEOPOLD, The Boss, been doing all this time, simply selling goods at the Smallest possible margin, and letting the people know of the

IMMENSE BARGAINS

Tremendous Bargains

In Overcoats. $5.00 for a good one, $12 for a better one, and $16 for the best.

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In Clothing from $6 to $18. Underwear, a nice and cheap assortment.

LEOPOLD, "The Boss."

J. & W. THEVIOT,

Wholesale dealers in Ph. Best Brewing Co.'s

Milwaukee KEG and BOTTLED Beer!

Also Peaslee's Ale and Porter.

No. 18 Front Street East. Office Upstairs.

Orders promptly filled and goods delivered free to any part of the city.

Blaine is Dead!

POLITICALLY.

But we shall still continue to sell drugs an medicines at our old stand at bottom prices.

The end of the World,

Is also predicted, but it makes no difference to us, we sell our goods for cash and at such prices that will astonish you. Prescriptions carefully compounded, day or night. A fine line of Perfumeries, Toilet Articles etc. Cigars the best in the market. Call on us.

J. C. FOOTE.

COR. 7TH AND FRONT STREETS.

MINNESOTA NEWS NOTES.

Dr. Hewitt says there is no cause for small pox alarm.

Hon. George E. Case of Lake Emily will start soon for France to bring his family home.

Four Mormon elders are doing missionary work in Todd county, openly advocating polygamy.

An attempt to wreck a Hastings & Dakota passenger train at Shakopee was foiled by accident.

Burchman Brothers' saloon building in Thompson, was burned Sunday night. Loss, $2,000; insurance $1,000.

The house of Mr. Melhorn of Warsaw, was burned with the entire crop of his farm for the past season; uninsured.

St. Paul capitalists talk of buying he Kittson-De Graff property at Midway and giving it to the state for a fair ground.

Postmaster Sweet has sent to Gov. Hubbard his resignation of the office of judge of probate of Pipestone county, to take place at once.

The postoffice authorities report the number of Christmas gifts passing through the mail in St. Paul to be less than half as many as at this time last year.

Mr. George W. Smith of Ottawa Prairie, died a few days ago, of heaat disease. He was one of the largest and most respected farmers of LeSueur county.

John Laughlin of Blooming Prairie came to Minneapolis Monday with about $150 on his person. He has not since been home, and his family fear foul play.

Mrs. Catharine Geislovsen of San Francisco Carver County, was found dead upon the floor of her home by her son, who left her a short time previously in good health.

Creditors of Strosser & Masinman of Minneapolis filed a petition for a receiver. The Commercial bank of Minneapolis has been incorporated with $100,000 capital.

William Allen Woodson, one of the oldest settlers of Mower county, died at his residence in Austin recently. He was highly respected, and held many local offices of trust

Gov. Hubbard received from Commissioner Gibbs two oranges, on long stems, picked from a Grove around Mr. Gibbs' present quarters near the exposition buildings. There are 2,000 trees in the grove loaded with fruit.

The new $3,000 hotel at Harris recently completed by Ruben Holman, has been opened in appropriate manner. About one hundred and fifty guests were present from the surrounding country and North Branch and Sunrise.

Articles of incorporations of the Excelsior Nursery company, of Excelsior, Hennepin county, with a capital stock of $25,000, have been filed with the secretary of state. The incorporators are F. G. Gould, A. B. Choate and others.

Adolph Bollinger tried to drive a sleigh containing nine persons in front of an engine at St. Paul. Sam Bollinger was killed. Lizzie Zimmerman badly mangled, and Mrs. Bollinger's shoulder broken. The fool driver was not hurt.

The store of Singleton & Bonnaflor, of North Branch, was burned recently. The firm carried a general stock of dry goods, groceries and drugs. The postoffice, of which Mr. Singleton was postmaster, was also burned. Loss, $17,000; insurance, $14,000.

Rev. George F. McAfee, formerly of St. Peter and now of Pierre, has been appointed state missionary agent for Dakota and a part of Minnesota. He will move his family to St. Paul soon, and make that city his headquarters.

Rev. Kristofer Janson, pasior of the Scandinavian Unitarian church of Minneapolis is about to publish a novel setting forth the experiences of a young Swedish wife in this country, the scene of which will be Minneapolis and the Northwest.

The old Minneapolis Academy of Music in Minneapolis, corner of Washington street, and Hennepin Avenue, was burned Christmas. The loss aggregates nearly $300,000, with insurance of $165,000. The principal sufferers are Herrick Brothers, Thomas Lowey, and E. A. Steele.

William Baler of Chatfield, who was objected to as a suitor for his daughter Martha by Mr. Barnard, visited the Barnard mansion and, gently lifting Miss Martha from her bedroom window, together with those of her personal effects that could be carried, drove to Dexter, where they were quietly married.

Dr. P. H. Millard is the heaviest creditor of the Fowler Furniture company of Minneapolis, which failed recently, being a loser in the sum of $2,300. This failure, by the way, has not yet come to the public notice, although being for the sum of $11,000, with assets nominal. Millard was for some time in the furniture business.

The Mazeppa mills started up Monday, after a suspension of six months, caused by assignment. The New proprietors are Jesse McIntyre, L. C. Pierce of Red Wing and Paul Hauser of St. Paul. W. P. Brown, lately vice president of the Mazeppa Mill company, is engaged as superintendent. The mills have a capacity of 300 barrels daily.

On Jan. 12 and 13 the reserve militia companies at Duluth and St. Cloud will be inspected for admission to the national Guard of Minnesota. The company making the better showing will take the place of Company K. Second regiment, which is now vacant. Company A. Second regiment, New Ulm, has recently enlisted forty men, and is fast regaining its old position.

Twice within the past three weeks guests at the Brunswick hotel in Faribault have been rescued from imminent death from escaping gas which they had neglected through ignorance or other causes to turn off after extinguishing, by the watchfulness of the night clerk. The first a bridal couple from the country, the last a prominent lawyer from Northfield.

Officers Ferguson and Flynn arrested two toughs who came to the Northern Pacific Junction, and were proceeding to the jail with them, when one of them drew a revolver, but had hardly done so when Officer Flynn knocked him down. The fellow succeeded in firing at him twice, but without effect, when Flynn drew his revolver and shot him threw a leg. He managed to escape but was afterward arrested.

Henry A. Wilson, one of the oldest and best known lawyers of St. Paul, died Wednesday morning at his residence. Deceased came to Madison, Wis., in 1856, and removed to St. Paul in 1874, entering into partnership with Mayor O'Brien and ex-Gov. Davis. In 1880 the firm was dissolved, Wilson and O'Brien remaining in partnership till Nov. 1 of the present year, when Mr. Wilson retired owing to ill health.

An association for the relief of superannuated ministers of the Methodist conference has been organized and will be incorporated in a few days Judge Brill of St. Paul is president, Rev. Dr. Wayne of Minneapolis secretary, and B. F. Nelson treasurer. A final meeting will be held in a few days in St. Paul, at which time it is expected to complete arrangements for the founding of a Methodist religious weekly paper, similar in character to the large family of Christian Advocates.

The certificate of incorporation of the Commercial bank of Minneapolis has been filed. The purpose of the corporation is the carrying on of a general banking business. The capital stock of the corporation is $100,000, divided into 1,000 shares of 100 each. Directors—Winthrop Young, D. M. Clough, A. W. Hastings, William M. Barrows, S. H. Chute, J. S Pillsbury, William Lochren, R. A. Davidson, S. D. Todd and H. P. Brown. This bank has formerly existed as the private bank of R. A. Davidson.

At the meeting of the Seventh Judicial District Bar association, at St Cloud, a constitution was adopted, and J. W. Mason of Fergus Falls was elected president, with one vice president from each county; O. W. Baldwin, secretary: D. B. Searle, treasurer. C. L. Lewis, F. E. Searle and H. Jenkins were appointed a committee to draft a bill, for adoption by the legislature, allowing an additional judge for the Seventh district. The meeting resolved that the laws regarding attachments are too cumbersome, and the laws of Wisconsin on the subject are preferable.

At Stillwater, attachments were sued out in the district court of Washington county upon claims against the firm of Walker, Judd & Veazie, amounting in the aggregate to about $118,000, levied upon their property at Marine Mills. Several of these attachments were for claims of laborers, amounting to $22,000. Their failure is much regretted.

Thursday morning was made a memorable Christmas by the phenomenally cold weather, the mercury in the ordinarily conservative signal office thermometer at St. Paul standing at 27 below zero from 6 to 6:30 a. m. Curiously enough, this is nearly a duplicate of the reading for Christmas of 1879, and the two make the coldest recorded weather in St. Paul since the advent of the signal service. Some enterprising private thermometers recorded five degrees lower. Northwestern weather was generally cold, Fort Assinaboine taking the frigid confection with 50 degrees below zero.

The supreme court, in a late case, holds that deeds of lands in counties established, but not generally organized, was properly recorded and recordable in the counties to which said counties were attached for judicial purposes. So a record in 1869 in Meeker of lands in Kandiyohi is good. The same court holds that a mortgage may properly be made to secure future advances and is not as a matter of law fraudulent as respects the mortgagor's creditors. Nor is a mortgage necessarily fraudulent if given to secure a larger sum than is actually due, for when its condition fails to describe the real character of the indebtedness or liability intended to be secured.

HAWTHORNE'S LOVE LETTERS.

Nathaniel Hawthorne's Courtship and Marriage.

In two large volumes Mr. Julian Hawthorne has written the biographies of "Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife," just published by Jas. B. Osgood & Co., Boston. Julian Hawthorne holds possession of nearly all the papers of his father, and these two volumes will be regarded as the important Life of Hawthorne. They are the most interesting books of the season.

In 1842 Hawthorne, at the age of thirty-eight, was married to Sophia Peabody. The story of their courtship is told charmingly by the son. She came from a very old New England family of English descent. During her girlhood she was an invalid, and had resolved never to marry. The Hawthorne children and the Peabody children had been playmates in Salem. In 1838 Hawthorne called upon the Peabody's to renew the old acquaintance. Miss E. P. Peabody writes of his first meeting with his future wife. "Sophia came down in her simple white wrapper, and sat on the sofa. As I said, 'My sister, Sophia,' he rose and looked at her intently,—he did not realize how intently. As we went on talking, she would frequently interpose a remark in her low, sweet voice. Every time she did so, he would look at her again, with the same piercing, indrawing gaze. I was struck with it, and thought. 'What if he should fall in love with her!' and the thought troubled me; for she had often told me that nothing would ever tempt her to marry, and inflict on a husband the care of an invalid. When Mr. Hawthorne got up to go, he said he should come for me in the evening, to call on his sisters, and he added, 'Miss Sophia, won't you come too?' But she replied, 'I never go out in the evening, Mr. Hawthorne.' 'I wish you would,' he said, in a low, urgent tone. But she smiled and shook her head, and he went away." Mr. Julian Hawthorne adds: "It may be remarked here that Mrs. Hawthorne, in telling her children, many years afterwards, of these first meetings with their father, used to say that his presence, from the very beginning exercised so strong a magnetic attraction upon her that instinctively, and in self-defense as it were, she drew back and repelled him. The power which she felt in him alarmed her; she did not understand what it meant, and was only able to feel that she must resist. By degrees, however, her resistance was overcome; and in the end she realized that they had loved each other at first sight. Sophia consented to the engagement only upon the stipulation that her marriage was to be strictly contingent upon her recovery from her twenty years' illness. 'If God intends us to marry,' she said to him, 'He will let me be cured, if not, it will be a sign that it is not best.' The likelihood of a cure taking place certainly did not seem great; in fact it would be little less than a miracle. Miracle or not, however, the cure was actually accomplished; and the lovers were justified in believeing that Love himself was the physician.

When Sophia Peabody became Sophia Hawthorne, in 1842, she was for the first time since her infancy, in perfect health; nor did she ever afterwards relapse into her previous condition of invalidism."

Extracts are given from nearly thirty of Hawthorne's love letters, written during his engagement. He addresses Sophia as "Dearest," "Beloved," "Dearissima," "Belovedest," "Dearest Heart," "True and Honorable," and "Dearest Unutterably." "How I wish," he writes, "I could give you a portion of my insensibility! and yet I should be almost afraid of some radical transformation, were I to produce a change in that respect. If you cannot grow plump and rosy and tough and vigorous without being changed into another nature, then I do think, for this short life, you had better remain just what you are. Yes; but you will be the same to me, because we have met in Eternity, and there our intimacy was formed. So get well as soon as you possibly can, and I shall never doubt that you are the same Sophie who have so often leaned upon my arm and needed its superfluous strength. I never, till now, had a friend who could give me repose; all have disturbed me, and whether for pleasure or pain, it was still disturbance. But peace overflows from your heart into mine. Then I feel that there is a Now, and that Now must be always calm and happy, and that sorrow and evil are but phantoms that seem to flit across it." Again he writes:

"It is very singular (but I do not suppose I can express it) that, while I love you so dearly, and while I am so conscious of the deep union of our spirits, still I have an awe for you that I have never felt for anybody else. Awe is not the word, either, because it might imply something stern in you; whereas—but you must make it out for yourself. I do wish I could put this into words—not so much for your satisfaction (because I believe you will understand), as for my own. I suppose I should have pretty much the same feeling if an angel were to come from Heaven and be my dearest friend—only the angel could not have the tenderest of human natures too, the sense of which is mingled with this sentiment. Perhaps it is because, in meeting you, I really meet a spirit, whereas the obstructions of earth have prevented such a meeting in every other case. But I leave the mystery here. Some time or other it may be plainer to me. But methinks it converts my love into religion. And then, it is singular, too, that this awe, or (whatever it may be) does not prevent me from feeling that it is I who have the charge of you. And will you not rebel? Oh, no; because I possess the power to guide only so far as I love you. My love gives me the right, and your love consents to it."

The following are further extracts from different letters:

"I wish I had the gift of making rhymes, for methinks there is poetry in my head and heart since I have been in love with you. You are a poem. Of what sort, then? Epic? Mercy on me, no! A sonnet? No; for that is too labored and artificial. You are a sort of sweet, simple, gay, pathetic ballad, which nature is singing, sometimes with tears, sometimes with smiles, and sometimes with intermingled smiles and tears." * * *

I have a mind, some day, to send you a journal of all my doings and sufferings, my whole external life, from the time I awake at dawn till I close my eyes at night. What a dry, dull history would it be! But then, apart from this, I would write another journal, of my inward life throughout the self-same day—my fits of pleasant thought, and those likewise which are shadowed by passing clouds—the desires of my heart toward you—my pictures of what we are to enjoy together. Nobody would think that the same man could live two such lives simultaneously. But then the grosser life is a dream, and the spiritual life is a reality.

"Dearest, I wish you would make out a list of books that you would like to be in our library; for I intend, whenever the cash and opportunity occur together, to buy enough to fill up our new bookcase, and I want to feel that I am buying them for both of us. The bookcase will hold about two hundred volums; but we will collect it in small lots, and then we shall prize every volume, and receive a seperate pleasure from the acquisition of it."

* * * "What an ugly day is this! my heart is heavy; or, no, it is not heaviness—not the heaviness, like a great lump of ice, which I used to feel when I was alone in the world—but—but—in short, dearest, where you are not, there is a sort of death—a death, however in which there is still hope and assurance of a joyful life to come. Methinks, if my spirit were not conscious of yours, this dreary snow-storm would chill me to torpor; the warmth of my fireside would be quite powerless to counteract it. * * * And now, here are the same snow-flakes in the air that were descending when I began. Would that there were an art of making sunshine! Do you know any such art? Truly you do, and have often thrown a heavenly sunshine round my spirit when all things else were full of gloom. What a woe, what a cloud, it is to be away from you!"

* * * "I am sometimes driven to wish that you and I could mount upon a cloud (as we used to fancy in those heavenly walks of ours), and be borne quite out of sight and hearing of all the world; for now all the people in the world seem to come between us. How happy were Adam and Eve! There was no third person to come between them, and all the infinity around them only served to press their hearts closer together. We love one another as well as they, but there is no silent and lovely garden of Eden for us.

Will you sail with me to discover some summer island? Do you not think that God has reserved one for us, ever since the beginning of the world? Foolish that I am to raise a question of it, since we have found such an Eden—such an island sacred to us two—wherever we have been together! Then, we are the Adam and Eve of a virgin earth."

"How strange it is, tender and fragile little Sophie, that your protection should have become absolutely necessary to such a great, rough, burly, broad-shouldered personage as I! I need your support as much as you need mine." * * * Would that we could build our cottage this very summer, amid these scenes of Concord which you describe. My heart thirsts and languishes to be there, away from the hot sun, and the coal dust, and the steaming docks, and the thick-plated, stubborn, contentious men, with whom I brawl from morning till night, and all the weary toil that quite engrosses me, and yet occupies only a small part of my being, which I did not know existed before I became a measurer. I do think I should sink down quite disheartened and inanimate if you were not happy, and gathering from the earth and sky enjoyment for both of us; but this makes me feel that my real, innermost soul is apart from all these unlovely circumstances, and that it has not ceased to exist, as I might sometimes suspect, but is nourished and kept alive through you."

"When we shall be endowed with spiritual bodies, I think they will be so constituted that we may send thoughts and feelings any distance, in no time at all, and transfuse them warm and fresh into the consciousness of those we love. Oh, what happiness it would be at this moment if I could be conscious of some purer feeling, some more delicate sentiment, some lovelier fantasy than could possibly have had its birth in my own nature, and therefore be aware that you were thinking through my mind and feeling through my heart! Perhaps you possess this power already. * * *

"You live ten times as much as I, because your spirit takes so much note of things. * *

"But what a letter you wrote to me! it is like one angel writing to another angel. But, alas, the letter has miscarried, and has been delivered to a most unworthy mortal. Now will you exclaim against my naughtiness? And, indeed, I am very naughty. Well, then the letter was meant for me, and could not possibly belong to any other being, mortal or immortal. I will trust that your idea of me is truer than my own consciousness of myself." * * *

"If my sisters do not love you, it must be because they have no hearts to love with—and even if this were the case, I should not despair of your planting the seeds of hearts in their bosoms.

"Time and space and all other finite obstructions, are fast flitting away from between us. We can already measure the interval by days and hours. What happiness! and what awe is intermingled with it!—no fear nor doubt, but a holy awe, as when an immortal spirit is drawing near to the gates of heaven. I can not tell what I feel, but you know it all.

* * *

"Nothing can part us now; for God himself hath ordained that we shall be one. So nothing remains but to reconcile yourself to your destiny. Year by year we shall grow closer to each other; and a thousand ages hence we shall be only in the honeymoon of our marriage. But I can not write to you. The time for that species of communion is past."

The marriage was a very happy one. "Nothing seems less likely," says the son, "than that he (Hawthorne) would have undertaken his work in literature independently of her sympathy and companionship. Not that she afforded him any direct and literal assistance in the composition of his books and stories. Her gifts were wholly unsuited to such employment, and no one comprehended more keenly than she the solitariness and uniqueness of his genius, inasmuch as she would have deemed it something not far removed from profanation to have offered to have advised or swayed him in regard to his literary productions. She believed in his inspiration, and her office was to maintain, so far as in her lay, the favorableness of the conditions under which it should manifest itself. As food and repose nourish and refresh the body, so did she nourish and refresh her husband's mind and heart. He never became so familiar with her ministrations, unceasing though they were, as to accept them as a matter of course. The springs of gratitude and recognition could not run dry in him. His wife always remained to him a sort of mystery of goodness and helpfulness."

How Globes are Built.

Our library and school educational globes have, perhaps, been a puzzle to many an inquisitive mind, they being so light so easily turned on their axes, and so smooth as to appear more like natural exact productions than mechanical constructions. The material of a globe is a thick, pulpy paper, like soft straw board, and this is formed into two hemispheres from disks. A flat disk is cut in gores or radical pieces, from center to circumference, half of the gores being removed and the others brought together, forming a hemispherical cup. These disks are gored under a cutting press, the dies of which are so exact that the gores come together at their edges to make a perfect hemisphere. The formation is also done by a press with hemispherical mold and die, the edges of the gores being covered with glue. Two of these hemispheres are then united by glue and mounted on a wire, the ends of which are the two axes of the finished globe. All this work is done while the paper is in a moist state. After drying, the rough paper globe is rasped down to a surface by coarse sand paper, followed by finer paper, and then receives a coat of paint or enamel that will take a clean, smooth finish. The instructive portion is a map of the world printed in two sections, each of lozenge shape, the point extending from pole to pole, exactly the same as though the peel of an orange was cut from stem to bud in twelve equal divisions. These maps are obtained in Scotland, generally, although there are two or three establishments elsewhere which produce them. The paper of these maps are very thin, but tenacious, and is held to the globe by glue. The operator—generally a woman—begins at one pole, pasting with the left hand and laying the sheet with the right, working along the edge of the North Pole, coaxing the edge of the paper over the curvature of the globe with an ivory spatula, and working down the entire paper to an absolutely smooth surface. As there are no laps to these lozenge sections the edges must absolutely meet, or else there would be a mixed up mess, especially among the islands of some of the great archipelagoes and in the arbitrary political borders of the nations. This is probably the most exact work in globe making, and yet it appears to be easy, because the operator is so expert in coaxing down the fulness and in expanding scanty portions, all the time keeping absolute relation and perfect joining with the other sections and to their edges. The metalic work—the equators, meridians and stands—is finished by machinery. A coat of transparent varnish over the paper surface completes the work, and thus a globe is built.—Scientific American.

MY EXPERIENCES IN STATE PRISON.

BY AN EX-WARDEN.

Of all our public institutions I think the greatest interest is attached to the State Prison. For nearly eighty years the frowning walls of the old Massacusetts State Prison in Charlestown have stood a silent yet impressive monitor, reminding the evil deor that the way of the transgressor is hard.

Yet, but very litttle is known of the inside history of the prison. The general opinion is that the inmates are a worthless set, compelled to labor for a term of years for their own good, and the protection of society, and that the disgrace of being in the prison is a greater hardship than any connected with the punishment inflicted. More than this, some people infer that it is not an undesirable place for the unfortunate and homeless.

This is a great mistake. Deprived of liberty, even of speech, and of the use of their eyes except upon their work; forced to pass like automatons, in slow and measured tread, from the prison to the workshop and back again; knowing that each day in the week will bring with it the same unchangeable rations; ignorant to a great extent of what is passing in the outside world; with the feeling in many instances that wife and children are suffering in consequence of their misconduct,—one must become familiar with this life of frightful monotony to realize the extent of the punishment a criminal suffers. The wonder is that so few convicts become insane.

As a sentence draws to a close, the time drags heavily, and the last few days usually finds a prisoner with but little appetite, restless and unable either to work or to sleep.

A man who had served a sentence of ten years called at my office a few days after he was discharged, and I inquired of him how it seemed to be at liberty.

"I can't realize it yet," he said. "For weeks before I was discharged, I would lie on my cot at night, thinking what I would have to eat when my time was up. Visions of turkey, beefsteak, ham and eggs and other luxuries of which I had been deprived so long, filled my mind, and I resolved when I was released to have the best meal I could obtain in Boston.

"On leaving the prison, I at once made my way to an eating-house, and with trembling hands seized a bill of fare. I read it over two or three times, trying to make up my mind what I would have. It was in vain. My appetite was gone. The wonderful breakfast I had looked forward to with such eager anticipations was made up, finally, of a cup of tea and a slice of toast."

The convict in prison is subject to the same feelings and desires, influenced by the same motives, governed and controlled by the same general principles, as other men, and if finally saved, it must be through the same Saviour upon whom we all rely. He is not necessarily a monster in whom the sentiments of love, respect and pity have no place.

When we reflect that the average age of convicts in the State Prison is only about twenty-five years, we cannot deny them our sympathy, especially when we remember the fact that many of them are the victims over which they had no control, such as the misfortune of birth, neglect in early life, drunken or criminal parents.

In my experience as warden, I have seldom found a man so hardened by crime or vice that his feelings could not be moved, or his interest in a better life enlisted, if the attempt to get at his better nature was judiciously made. But I can not write to you. The time for that species of communion is past."

The marriage was a very happy one. "Nothing seems less likely," says the son, "than that he (Hawthorne) would have undertaken his work in literature independently of her sympathy and companionship. Not that she afforded him any direct and literal assistance in the composition of his books and stories. Her gifts were wholly unsuited to such employment, and no one comprehended more keenly than she the solitariness and uniqueness of his genius, inasmuch as she would have deemed it something not far removed from profanation to have offered to have advised or swayed him in regard to his literary productions. She believed in his inspiration, and her office was to maintain, so far as in her lay, the favorableness of the conditions under which it should manifest itself. As food and repose nourish and refresh the body, so did she nourish and refresh her husband's mind and heart. He never became so familiar with her ministrations, unceasing though they were, as to accept them as a matter of course. The springs of gratitude and recognition could not run dry in him. His wife always remained to him a sort of mystery of goodness and helpfulness."

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name, "do you realize what you are saying? No one has been tried for the Watertown robbery, and if you acknowledge the crime, you will be liable to receive a life sentence."

"I understand that, Mr. Warden, I am a bad man. There is probably hardly a crime upon the statute-book, except murder, that I have not committed. I have been a thief all my life, even from a child. My earliest education was to steal, and I expect to be a thief and robber to the last. As you know, I have already served three terms in this prison, and I am well aware what the punishment is; but bad as I am, I have no desire that another man should suffer for my crimes. I therefore repeat what I have said, M——is innocent, I am the guilty party."

"Do you know M——?" I inquired.

"No, I never saw him. I have no more interest in him personally than in a man in another country."

"You were not alone in these robberies. Who was the other man with you?"

Again he hesitated. Mr. Warden, I have never yet betrayed an associate, but in confidence I will tell you his name, trusting you will not use it against him, unless he is arrested upon evidence obtained from other source."

He gave me the name of a man who had served the term in the State Prison, and was then in the house of Correction at East Cambridge.

At my request, he wrote out a full statement of the Watertown robbery, which I took to the gentleman robbed, who after reading it, returned with me to the prison, and had an interview with J——. The gentleman left the prison satisfied beyond a doubt that J—— was the real criminal.

There was a striking resemblance between the two men. They were the same height, and wore the same sized boots.

It is unnecessary to tell here all that had to be done to satisfy the Governor of the innocence of the poor fellow who was unjustly imprisoned, but he was finally accomplished, but not until he had served four years in all. J—— worked as hard to prove his own guilt as he could have done to show his innocence.

One more word in regard to him. He was not prosecuted for either of the robberies; neither did he serve his six years. Shortely after I left the prison, he succeeded in escaping from it for the second time. With another convict, he excavated the tunnel, twenty-seven feet in length, from the dining-room, where the two had worked, to the outer wall, cutting off a pile a foot in diameter, and escaped.

He was soon after arrested in Baltimore and sentenced to the Maryland penitentiary for sixteen years, where, if alive and if he has not escaped, he can be found to-day.

This man's career was a marvellous one. He possessed a good address, and was an excellent mechanic. Bold and daring, he hesitated at nothing, and by his indomitable perseverance surmounted obstacles which would have been thought impossible by ordinary men. As this incident shows, he was not all bad, but of him it could be truly said, that he was a man, "possessed of one virtue linked with a thousand crimes."

GIDEON HAYNES.

Drinking Etiquette.

London Brewers' Guardian.

The custom of touching glasses prior to drinking healths is very common in England and other countries, and especially in Germany. It is curious to trace how this custom has prevailed and still exists even among savage tribes. To drink out of the same cup and to eat off the same plate was one of the ways in which the ancients celebrated a marriage, and the wedding feast continues to be not the least important of the marriage ceremonies to the present day. The Indians of Brazil retain a custom of drinking together a little brandy, as a sign that the marriage is concluded. In China similar customs are met with. In the medieval banquets of Germany it was the custom to pass a "loving cup" from hand to hand, but this gradually necessitated that the cup should be of enormous size, and thus smaller cups or glasses were adopted, and the old custom was conformed to by the drinkers touching their glasses before drinking. The ceremony attending the passing and drinking out of the "loving cup," as practiced at our great city festivals and at some of our college halls, is said to have arisen from the assassination of King Edward. It was then the custom of the Anglo-Saxons to pass round a large cup, from which each guest drank. He who thus drank stood up, and, as he lifted up the cup with both hands, his body was exposed without any defense to a blow, and the occasion was often seized by an enemy to murder him. To prevent this the following plan was adopted: when one of the company stood up to drink he required the companion who sat next to him to be his pledge—that is, to be responsible for protecting him against anybody who should attempt to take advantage of his defenseless position. This companion stood up also, and raised his drawn sword in his hand to defend the drinker while drinking. This practice, in a somewhat altered form, continued long after the condition of society had ceased to require it, and was the origin of the modern practice of pledging by drinking. In drinking from the "loving cup," as now practiced, each person rises and takes the cup in his hand to drink and, at the same time, the person seated next to him rises also, and when the latter takes the cup in his turn, the individual next to him does the same.

Some Pretty and Quaint Superstitions of Old-time Marriages.

From Cassell's Family Magazine.

Instead of being so many graceful ornaments at the marriage ceremony, nowadays, the bridesmaids in olden times had various duties assigned to them. Thus one of their principal tasks was dressing the bride on her wedding morning, when any omission in her toilet was laid to their charge. At a wedding, too, where it was arranged that the bride should be followed by a numerous train of her lady friends, it was the first bridesmaid's duty to play the part of a drill mistress; "sizing" them, so that "no pair in the procession were followed by a taller couple." She was also expected to see that each bridesmaid was not only duly provided with a sprig of rosemary, or a floral posy pinned to the breast-folds of her dress, but had a symbolical chaplet in her hand.

In many parts of Germany it is still customary for the bridesmaids to bring the myrtle wreath, which they have subscribed together to purchase on the nuptial eve, to the house of the bride, and to remove it from her head at the close of the wedding day. After this has been done, the bride is blindfolded and the myrtle wreath being put into her hand, she tries to place it on the head of one of the bridesmaids as they dance round her; for, in accordance with an old belief, whoever she crowns is sure to be married within a year from that date. As may be imagined, this ceremony is the source of no small excitement, each bridesmaid being naturally anxious to follow the example of the bride. Referring once more to the bridal wreath and chaplet, it is still a current notion in many parts of our country that the bride, in removing these, must take special care that her bridesmaids throw away every pin. Not only is it affirmed that misfortunes will overtake the bride who retains even one pin used in her marriage toilet, but woe also to the bridesmaids if they keep any of them, as their prospects of marriage will thereby be materially lessened.

Walter C. Allen, three years confidential clerk of B. Altman & Co., of New York, was arraigned on a charge of forging orders on the cashier for goods he had pretended to buy and received money for the same. His salary was less than $2,000 a year, yet he kept three horses and lived in good style.

A Spot in the Bermudas.

The Queen's Stairway, the lake that flames up like a vast sheet of damp sulphur when an oar is thrust into it at night, the pineapple jungles, the sponge fishers, the gardens in plain sight beneath the sea—these are all very interesting, though it would seem that the climate, the luxuriant vegetation, and the ravishing beauty, combined with a good hotel to start with, ought to be enough. To the man who was there five hours it constantly returns to his mental sight like a dream or a vision, of something almost too reposeful, too beautiful, and too strange to be real. The prettiest spot of the whole island, without doubt, is the little cove at Waterloo, two miles or more from the city. Imagine a placid little bay, whose water is colored like the rainbow, framed in a horseshoe of white sand, fringing the shelving sides of a hollow like a huge broken bowl of verdure. Picture this, decked here and there with stately palms and broad-leaved plants, ornamented with a pretty, toylike fort, and a few tropical country houses. Add the blue sky above the gaudy water and beyond, where sky and water blend together, the dark, blue ocean.—Correspondence New York Sun.

The Widow's Bills.

From The Boston Courier.

Dr. Kimball, of Saco, Me., who is one of the oldest and most widely known practitioners in York County, tells a good story of himself. He had attended an old gentleman during a lingering illness, and about a year after his decease sent his bill, which amounted to a considerable sum, to the widow. He repeated the process three times without elicting a reply, and then called. He was put off from time to time, until patience ceased to be a virtue, and then he again called with grim determination in his character. "Come, my good woman," said he when the delinquent appeared, "I have waited long enough, and must have my money." Fixing upon him a look of withering contempt and brandishing her broom in his face, she replied: "You've been here three times for that money, but I'll pay my honest debts, I thanks ye, before I pay my doctor's bills." The good pysician was so well pleased with the logic of his debtor that he receipted the bill on the spot.

The Pilgrims celebrated their first Thanksgiving day in 1621, and for many years Massachusetts was the only part of America in which the holiday was observed. The governor of New York issued a Thanksgiving proclamation in 1817, and Pennsylvania was the next state to adopt the custom. In the south, the observance of the holiday has progressed less rapidly than in the north.

Miles Ogle, a noted counterfeiter, was arrested at Memphis recently by M. G. Bauer, of the United States secret service. Three thousand dollars in $10 counterfeit bills on the First National bank of Cincinnati were found on his person. Ogle has already served terms in penitentiaries in New York, Ohio and Pennsylvania for counterfeiting. He was discharged from the latter in July, 1883, since which time he has been following his old trade.

Rev. Dennis O'Donovan, ex-pastorof a Catholic church at Brownsburg, Hendricks county, has brought suit against Father Herman Aldering of this city for $50,000 for libel. O'Donovan was remozed from the charge of the church at Brownsburg, by the bishop, and subsequently Aldering published a history of the Catholic church of the diocese of Vincennes, in which was printed the following regarding the Brownsburg church: "Rev. Dennis O'Donnell came next, and remained in spite of the Bishop, to the great scandal of Catholics." This statement is the basis of the suit.

Messrs. Houck & Barnie, managers of the Baltimore, Md., Base-ball Club, state, as the opinion of all base-ball players,—and no set of men are more susceptible to sprains, bruises, aches and pains—that St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, is the best cure ever used and they jointly acknowledge its merits.

The New York police raided a Sixth avenue opium "joint," capturing twenty-three women and seven men. They were all young people. The men were chiefly clerks and mechanics, and the women were good-looking and well-dressed.

Senator Sharon's Christmas box this year comes in the form of an adverse decision in the divorce suit brought against him by Sarah Althea Hill, who claimed to be his lawful wife. The decision of the judge before whom the case was tried that the pair were legally wedded will cause considerable surprise to those who remember the testimony.

The two houses of congress were in session Wednesday about half an hour, just long enough to agree upon the amended resolution providing for an adjournment from the 24th, to Jan. 5. The navy appropriation bill, passed by the senate, was formally received by the house and laid upon the table without further notice. The effect of this negative action will be to leave the navy without funds after Dec. 31, but as congress will assemble on Jan. 5 no great inconvenience is likely to follow.

* * * * Premature decline of power in either sex, however induced, speedily and permanently cured. Consultation free. Book for three letter stamps. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

At Chicago Judge Blodgett ruled that bucket shops could not compel the telegraph company to furnish quotations.

Every Woman Knows Them.

The human body is much like a good clock or watch in its movements; if one goes too slow or too fast, so follow all the others, and bad time results; if one organ or set of organs works imperfectly, perversion of functional effort of all the organs is sure to follow. Hence it is that the numerous ailments which make woman's life miserable are the direct issue of the abnormal action of the uterine system. For all functional ills and irregularities of woman, even when she knows them—there is one unfailing remedy, Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," the favorite of the sex.

William H. Smith of St. Paul, was arrested for outraging a step-daughter, aged 13 years.

A Strong Endowment

is conferred upon that magnificent institution, the human system, by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" that fortifies it against the encroachments of disease. It is the great purifier and alterative, and as a remedy for consumption, bronchitis, and all diseases of a wasting nature, its influence is rapid, efficacious and permanent. Sold everywhere.

S. H. Wood & Co., Minneapolis, were served with an attachment recently.

Young Men!—Read This.

THE VOLTAIC BELT CO., of Marshall, Mich., offer to send their celebrated ELECTRO-VOLTAIC BELT and other ELECTRIC APPLIANCES on trial for thirty days, to men (young or old) afflicted with nervous debility, loss of vitality and all kindred troubles. Also for rheumatism, neuralgia, paralysis, and many other diseases. Complete restoration to health, vigor and manhood guaranteed. No risk is incurred as thirty days trial is allowed. Write them at once for illustrated pamphlet free.

A Good Family Remedy
STRICTLY PURE.
Harmless to the Most Delicate
ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM
THE REMEDY FOR CURING
CONSUMPTION, COUGHS, COLDS.
NEW EVIDENCE.
Read the following:

ADDISON, PA., April 7, 1883.
I took a violent cold and it settled on my lungs, so much so that at times I spit blood. ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM was recommended to me as a good remedy. I took it, and am now sound and well. Yours respectfully,
A. J. HILEMAN.

ADDISON, PA., April, 1883.
A. J. COLBOM, Esq., Editor of the Somerset Herald, writes: I can recommend ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM as being the best remedy for Colds and Coughs I ever used.

ASTORIA, ILLS., April, 6, 1882.
Gentlemen:—I can cheerfully say your ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM, which I have sold for the past fifteen years, sells better than any cough remedy, and gives general satisfaction. 'Tis frequently recommended by the medical profession here. Yours Truly,
H. C. MOONEY, Druggist.

LA FAYETTE, R. L. October, 12, 1884.
Gentlemen:—Allow me to say that after using three bottles of ALLEN'S LUNG BALSAM for a bad attack of Bronchitis, I am entirely cured. I send this voluntarily, that these afflicted may be benefited.
Yours respectfully, BURRILL H. DAVIS.

J. N. HARRIS & CO., Limited, Proprietors.
CINCINNATI, OHIO.

Minneapolis ministers think there should be more hell-fire in revival sermons.

Higher Prices for Butter.

All dairymen who use Wells, Richardson & Co's. improved Butter Color, agree that it increases the value of butter several cents a pound. It is pure